

New Series,  
No. 194.

BEADLE'S

{ Old Series  
No. 515.

# NEW DIME NOVELS



The Indian Princess.

# Popular Dime Hand-Books.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

Each volume 100 12mo. pages, sent post-paid on receipt of price—ten cents each.

## STANDARD SCHOOL SERIES.

### DIME SPEAKERS.

1. Dime American Speaker.
2. Dime National Speaker.
3. Dime Patriotic Speaker.
4. Dime Comic Speaker.
5. Dime Elocutionist.
6. Dime Humorous Speaker.
7. Dime Standard Speaker.
8. Dime Stump Speaker.
9. Dime Juvenile Speaker.
10. Dime Spread-eagle Speaker.
11. Dime Debater and Chairman's Guide.
12. Dime Exhibition Speaker.
13. Dime School Speaker.
14. Dime Ludicrous Speaker.
15. Carl Pretzel's Komikal Speaker.
16. Dime Youth's Speaker.
17. Dime Eloquent Speaker.
18. Dime Hall Columbia Speaker.
19. Dime Serio-Comic Speaker.
20. Dime Select Speaker.

Dime Melodist. (Music and Words.)  
School Melodist. (Music and Words.)

### DIME DIALOGUES.

- Dime Dialogues Number One.
- Dime Dialogues Number Two.
- Dime Dialogues Number Three.
- Dime Dialogues Number Four.
- Dime Dialogues Number Five.
- Dime Dialogues Number Six.
- Dime Dialogues Number Seven.
- Dime Dialogues Number Eight.
- Dime Dialogues Number Nine.
- Dime Dialogues Number Ten.
- Dime Dialogues Number Eleven.
- Dime Dialogues Number Twelve.
- Dime Dialogues Number Thirteen.
- Dime Dialogues Number Fourteen.
- Dime Dialogues Number Fifteen.
- Dime Dialogues Number Sixteen.
- Dime Dialogues Number Seventeen.
- Dime Dialogues Number Eighteen.
- Dime Dialogues Number Nineteen.
- Dime Dialogues Number Twenty.
- Dime Dialogues Number Twenty-one.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERIES.

- 1—DIME GENTS' LETTER-WRITER—Embracing Forms, Models, Suggestions and Rules for the use of all classes, on all occasions.
- 2—DIME BOOK OF ETIQUETTE—For Ladies and Gentlemen: being a Guide to True Gentility and Good-Breeding, and a Directory to the Usages of society.
- 3—DIME BOOK OF VERSES—Comprising Verses for Valentines, Mottoes, Complets, St. Valentine Verses, Bridal and Marriage Verses, Verses of Love, etc.
- 4—DIME BOOK OF DREAMS—Their Romances and Mystery; with a complete Interpreting Dictionary. Compiled from the most accredited sources.
- 5—DIME FORTUNE-TELLER—Comprising the art of Fortune-Telling, how to read Character, etc.
- 6—DIME LADIES' LETTER-WRITER—Giving the various forms of Letters of School Days, Love and Friendship, of Society, etc.
- 7—DIME LOVERS' CASKET—A Treatise and Guide to Friendship, Love, Courtship and Marriage. Embracing also a complete Floral Dictionary, etc.
- 8—DIME BALL-ROOM COMPANION—And Guide to Dancing. Giving rules of Etiquette, hints on Private Parties, toilettes for the Ball-room, etc.
- 9—BOOK OF 100 GAMES—Out-door and In-door SUMMER GAMES for Tourists and Families in the Country, Picnics, etc., comprising 100 Games, Forfeits, etc.
- 10—DIME CHESS INSTRUCTOR—A complete hand-book of instruction, giving the entertaining mysteries of this most interesting and fascinating of games.
- 11—DIME BOOK OF CROQUET—A complete guide to the game, with the latest rules, diagrams, Croquet Dictionary, Parlor Croquet, etc.
- 12—DIME BOOK OF BEAUTY—A delightful book, full of interesting information. It deserves a place in the hands of every one who would be beautiful.
- DIME ROBINSON CRUSOE—In large octavo, double columns, illustrated.

## FAMILY SERIES.

1. DIME COOK BOOK.
2. DIME RECIPE BOOK.
3. DIME HOUSEWIFES MANUAL.

4. DIME FAMILY PHYSICIAN.
5. DIME DRESSMAKING AND MILINERY.

The above books are sold by Newsdealers everywhere, or will be sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 10 cents each. BEADLE & ADAMS, Publishers, 48 William Street, New York.

THE  
INDIAN PRINCESS.

---

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS,  
AUTHOR OF THE FOLLOWING DIME NOVELS:  
346 KIRK, THE GUIDE.                    507 THE INDIAN QUEEN.

---

NEW YORK:  
BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,  
98 WILLIAM STREET.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by  
**BEADLE AND COMPANY,**

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the  
Southern District of New York.

# 'THE INDIAN PRINCESS.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### THE GOVERNOR AND HIS TWO CHARGES.

DARK and heavy gloom lay upon the castle of St. Louis—a gloom that spread like gray mist over the city of Quebec, and was felt, in a greater or less degree, throughout the province. Count Frontenac, Governor of Canada, was the soul and center of that funereal gloom, for, out of his bosom had been torn the one sweet hope of his life. She whom he called wife was dead—dead by poison! The love of his early years, and whose loss, by marriage with his brother, was the cause of his banishment to Canadian wilds, had, after years of sorrowing, returned unto him a widow, bringing all the devotion of a first love as her offering. Great was the rejoicing over the count's marriage—splendid the reception given him by all classes of his devoted subjects. Days of feasting, receptions, fêtes, state ceremonials, followed her advent, as if to crown the Governor's great happiness with new evidences of the love of his people. In the midst of this carnival of affection came death—death in its most heart-rending shape; and the great joy was suddenly turned into a sorrow so deep and funereal that even the stolid Indian was moved to awe. Canada was indeed a land of mourning.

There was left to the count his wife's daughter by her first husband, the count's brother; and this girl, fair, good and beautiful, was the one bright sunbeam that still remained in the desolate stateliess of the castle.

This young girl had mourned her mother's loss with keen sorrow; and even now the gladness of her fresh young life was sometimes clouded by the remembrance of the suddenness with which death had swept away all that was most precious from her life. But youth is always hopeful; and a creature so light-hearted as Adele could not dwell in darkness forever. While her uncle and step-father gave himself up to a proud, reticent sorrow, she grew resigned, and, at times, almost cheerful.

There was another inmate of that stately old castle—a dark-haired, black-eyed creature, of a beauty so wildly grand that you recognized her presence there with a sort of terror, as you might start to see a panther basking in some flower-garden. This girl was the daughter

of Count Frontenac by the daughter of an Indian chief. Her mother, a wild thing of the woods, had, in the Indian fashion, been recognized as his wife; but she died, poor thing, of a broken heart, as we see forest-birds perish in their cages, leaving this girl behind, thenceforth to become the bitter-sweet of her father's life.

Month after month had crept by since the lady of the castle had been laid in her grave, but her husband still was lost in the depths of a sorrow so solemn that he lived almost alone. A few hours of the day given to public business was all that he knew or cared to know of the outer world. At all times Adele had access to his presence; but even her bright face and winsome ways could not draw him from the gloom of his memories. As for Katharine, his half-savage child, her presence only plunged him in deeper gloom, and she, with that haughty reserve which suffers but makes no sign, withdrew into a remote room of the castle, and seldom crossed his path. Sometimes, when she heard his slow footsteps in the hall, Katharine would turn like a wild creature listening for its mate. Her eyes would brighten —the breath would come pantingly from her half-open lips, and she would poise herself as if to leap forward and cover him with caresses --but as his footsteps came near, the light would go out of her eyes; the lithe limbs would relax and settle back to a crouching attitude, and she would steal away with her great eyes full of tears that burned like fire as she proudly withheld them from falling. Thus the wild Indian girl seldom came face to face with her own father, and was in reality more alone than she could have been in the deep forest to which her mother had been native. But time will do its beneficent work. As it weaves moss over the crumbling ruins, and flings a drapery of ivy over broken battlements, it creeps with a gentle touch over the human soul, and draws it back into the brotherhood of human life.

Before the anniversary of his wife's death came around, Count Frontenac had begun to smile again; but very faintly, and as men smile who wish to be grateful for blessings which they can not as yet enjoy. With this partial cheerfulness came back a strong sense of duty. From the pang that came with a thought of his Indian child, he recognized the force of her claim upon him. He knew well that humiliation and trouble would always connect themselves with this young creature, and his heart ached with remorseful tenderness when she crossed his mind, but he accepted the pain and the duty as an expiation; and when the time came that he emerged from the deep dream of his sorrow, his most anxious thought was of Katherine—the who was half the time brooding over her loneliness in a remote room, fitted up as a hunter's lodge, and which had been the sylvan bower-chamber of her mother.

One evening, just after the remembrance of this duty had impressed itself on his mind with peculiar force, the Governor and his niece, Adele, were walking slowly up and down one of the grand corridors of the castle. She was conversing with him in her own

sweet way on subjects which most interested her, when all at once he saw a light form dart into the corridor and out again. It was Katherine. Frontenac started, paused an instant, then called her by name. The young Indian uttered a cry of joy that went to his heart; then, with the bound of a young panther, she sprung upward, locked her arms around his neck, and pressed kisses upon him as if she were tearing up flowers by the root.

A faint shudder ran through the count's form, but he struggled with himself and pressed the girl to his bosom. Katherine felt the shrinking chill, and froze under his enforced caresses.

"How does it happen that I have not seen you of late?" he asked.

"Monsieur did not send for me," she replied.

He looked at her more fixedly, and saw how much she had grown during his months of abstraction. She certainly appeared several years older than Adele, and was truly a striking type of singular and magnificent beauty. Adele was gazing at her in wonder at the glow that had kindled her face. It seemed to her that she had never, in the whole course of her life, seen any thing so beautiful. Katherine did not seem to notice her, but, in reality, her eyes took in even the minutest particular of her dress and expression.

"Look at her, look at her!" whispered Adele. "Heavens, how lovely!"

"You must not be afraid and run away from this young girl," said the Governor; "you should be pleasant companions for one another. Katherine, you must throw aside your wild habits and cheer each other in your solitude."

"I love you very much," exclaimed Adele, holding out her hand with her natural frankness. "Will you let me kiss you? The last time we met you would not."

Katherine submitted to the caress, but with the wonderful dissimulation born in her nature, she concealed every show of emotion. She only seemed a little shrinking and timid, but betraying through it all a certain pride which pleased the Governor.

"Will you try and love me?" Adele asked.

"You don't want me to love you," was the short answer.

Adele looked at her in surprise, and answered sweetly:

"Indeed, I do."

"I am an Indian," she said, in reply. "You know that!"

"I wish I had Indian blood in my veins, if it would make me beautiful!" exclaimed Adele with a *naivete*, which, at another time would have made the Governor smile.

Katherine's lip curled a little—her heart was divided between two feelings—that of pride and power, and of a burning jealousy. The two were now so mingled that she could not have separated them; but they left no room for weaker emotions, such as other women possess.

"Will Katherine always live here, papa?" Adele asked.

"Yes," replied the Governor; "but Katherine is a true wild bird of the forest; you can not tame her."

"But you will try to be more like us by and by," said Adele. A warning pressure of the arm which the Governor held made her pause.

"We are both orphans," she continued, sadly.

"I have only my grandmother, Ahmo," said Katherine, "and she is an Indian woman—a chief's widow. But even her they have driven far into the forest."

"Will you take me to see the place where she lives—down to the island where you so frequently go?" asked Adele, eagerly. "May I go, papa?"

"We will see; the weather will soon grow too cold for expeditions of this kind."

"I can wait. You will stay with me all the time, will you not, Katharine?" pleaded Adele. "I have so wanted a friend of my own age; and now that I have caught you, my beautiful wild-bird, you shall not run away again."

The Governor looked kindly at the girl; his heart was so softened by a great grief, that he reproached himself for not having controlled the wild impulses that threw her on the alert to flee away and hide herself.

"Kate," he said, "Adele will go to school at the Ursuline convent. We were just talking of it. I wish you to accompany her."

Katharine bowed in silence. Her resolution was formed like a flash. If the pale-face studied books, so would she; there should be no art in which she too would not surpass, even if it were hard reading, which she abhorred with all the pride of her savage nature. Her Indian pride and thirst for power filled her whole being with a new resolution.

"That will be charming!" exclaimed Adele. "We can study together, and I will teach you to play the harp."

The Governor was summoned away upon some business. Even his sorrow had to give place at times to the duties of his position. Important affairs had accumulated upon his hands during his long sorrow, and now they must have attention.

Adele threw her arms about his neck and kissed him again and again; he held out his hand to Katharine, which she panted to kiss, but his arm was around Adele. The Indian girl would have died sooner than have touched her lips to it—nothing could make her stoop to that at that moment. She touched the fingers as an equal might have done, and swept a courtesy that she had seen practiced by ladies who came to the castle. Frontenac went away, wondering where the creature had learned her queenly bearing.

"Come to my room," said Adele, drawing her along the hall. "Then you must let me come to yours. I always find the door locked."

Katherine yielded.

They entered the richly-furnished chamber, and Adele showed her all her girlish treasures. There were numberless trifles of which

Katharine did not know the use or even the name, but she evinced no surprise. When they went into Katharine's lodge-like room, Adele was not so stoical; she could not cease marvelling over the Indian relics. Katharine had preserved these relics, which had been brought from her grandmother's lodge on Orleans island.

"And can you shoot with this?" she asked, taking up a bow, which, with all her strength, she could not bend.

Katharine nodded.

"You see those bird-skins; I shot them all. I once killed a deer."

"Teach me; oh, do teach me, you angel?" cried Adele, quite beside herself with admiration. "But you must have a room near mine; this is cold and bare. I will speak to papa to-night."

"I like this chamber," Katharine said; "I am a wild girl of the woods; I should smother among your carpets and thick curtains."

"After all, this place looks like you," said Adele. "These furs and wild trappings are like the forest. Oh, I shall come here often. You must love me very much, will you? I have been so lonely since mamma died. You never would come near me."

Katharine answered by a smile; it was so sweet, and so softened the dark beauty of her face, that Adele flung both arms around her.

"Come, let us talk together," she said.

They sat down in the window seat, and Adele talked freely in her interest, never observing how little confidence Katharine gave in return. She wept bitterly when she spoke of her mother, and Katharine consoled her with gracious superiority.

Adele was almost crushed by her mother's loss. The meeting with that strange girl, half savage, half relative, had animated her for a few moments, but her spirits had not recovered from the shock they had received, and she pined for sympathy, as only the young can.

"Why do you weep?" said Katharine, lifting the skirt of her dress and wiping the tears from Adele's blue eyes that turned upon her in gratitude, as a periwinkle looks of a more heavenly blue when the rain is shaken from its leaves.

"Oh, let me cry. Sometimes it seems as if my heart would break," cried the gentle-hearted French girl. "I am so much alone, and this is a dreary place—you must know that, Katharine?"

"Yes, I do know it. Haven't I had a mother, brighter, grander, more beautiful than yours—and did not I see her die?" cried the young Indian, passionately.

"But that was before we arrived from France. Marima was not to blame for that. How soon my mother followed yours to the grave!"

"Perhaps they have met," said Katharine, with a strange smile curving her scarlet lips.

"I hope so. Indeed, I hope so, for they were both good," said the French girl, in all the innocence of perfect truth.

"Never, never," cried the young Indian, pushing Adele from her.

"What—what do you say?" cried Adele, affrighted by the storm that swept over that dark face.

Katharine settled down on the window-seat, like a tiger cub in its lair.

"I say the great hunting-gounds are broad; there is room for all," she answered, in a low voice.

"Yes, room for all," repeated Adele. "But God will take care of his own. We need not fear for our mothers; they are with him; but you and I are left with only papa and each other to love. Let us be good to each other."

Katharine received Adele's kiss, and the two girls parted

Every day after this interview Adele sought the Indian girl. Next to her father she clung to Katharine for love and sympathy. She was constantly with her when not occupied with the Governor, and really appeared fascinated by the Indian's strange, original conversation, and the wonderful beauty which already began to be the marvel of Quebec.

The Governor did not attempt to place any restraint upon the intercourse of the two girls. He was too kind-hearted not to pity the situation in which Katharine was placed, and probably often blamed himself that he could not give her more affection; but she was connected with a portion of his life so sad and painful that very often it was difficult for him to support her presence with composure.

Adele was never weary of sounding her praises to him, and he loved her the more for this gentle kindness to the Indian girl.

"Katharine is *so* beautiful, papa!" she would cry. "She is like a tropical bird that I had in France. I love her so much. She shall always be my own dear friend, my black-eyed sister."

He replied, in his sad, weary voice.

"Poor Katharine is very fortunate to have won your love."

Sometimes remarks like those reached the girl's ears, and helped to foster the savage jealousy that seethed and burned in her heart. Adele was never weary of lavishing proofs of affection upon the girl. She shared with her the beautiful books and ornaments which she had brought from France, consulted her wishes in all things, and was so meek, so devoted, so patient, that she must have won kindness and pardon for her unwitting fault from any heart less resolutely cold and hardened than that of Katharine. Indian by blood, subtle by instinct, jealous by nature, revengeful by association with her old grandame, who hated the French, and whose hand had ministered the fatal draught to Frontenac's bride, the young girl was, even in her most demonstrative moods of affection, apart and alone—a mystery to all save to herself. Her own soul—how she looked down into its depths to read her future there!

And sweet, gentle Adele; how fruitlessly her young heart was flinging out its kindness! She might as well have charmed a hawk from the prey it swoops upon as attempt to win affection from that mysterious creature, in whose heart rioted the blood of antagonistic nations. One moment all love, then all hate—a being to fear and shrink from, even in these, her years of girlhood.

For a whole year Katharine had been almost forgotten under her father's roof. She had seen the fair, golden-haired child in a daughter's place to the Governor, her own father. Had Ben Leland pined and in dark angles of the wall, she had, herself unseen, watched the grateful looks which he bent upon that sweet face even in his deepest grief, while her own heart yearned to break to express him my craving. She knew well that the soft heart of the gentleman was beating in her own veins; he was her father, her son, son father; she his only child; what right had he to bind a soul like to his bosom and it's so tenderly twined in his heart another soul's child? What business had she to look so happy when he looked upon her? Sometimes she had forgotten to look up, and so would have shamed that Katharine was dying too; and then she sat, gazing in some dark nook like a morbid being, or waiting for mists to cover full. Is it a wonder that this Indian gal, with a malignant, unkind nature, should have grown fierce and bitter, and that dragon's teeth were sown, in that heavy time of mourning, which no care could ever uproot from her after life?

## CHAPTER II.

## CONVENT LIFE. KATHARINE'S PENAeCE.

Thus thrown into close companionship, the two lived for a time in a certain degree isolated from the rest of the world. Adele had but few companions of her own age, and none that she considered at all equal to Katharine, whose society she sought at every leisure moment.

The Governor was greatly comforted; but whenever relief came from public affairs, Adele always was sent for to cheer the sadness which he found insupportable.

He was a proud, almost heart-broken man-servant, melancholy, half-gasping as if passing from society and leaving for nothing so much as quiet. His love for Adele was the strongest passion of soul left in his heart, and upon her looks entered all the affliction of the memory of her gentle mother he laid his hand.

Adele was never so happy as when with him. She always could either hear even in his darkest moods. Katharine seldom was sent for—her presence had no such sweet power to the Governor, although he was not angry with her, and would have done anything in his power to make her future contented and happy.

Katharine had ceased to show the slightest trace of feeling upon the subject, but no victim to the tortures of her savage ferathers

ever suffered keener agony than she endured without a visible sign or murmur.

Love for her father had been the one teacher failing in her nature; deprived of that, there was nothing to combat the fierce longing which made such riot in her breast.

When she found how studious Adele could be, she applied herself at once to the books which she had formerly disregarded; the progress she made was also lately startling. Adele regarded her as a perfect prodigy, and was never weary of showing her every thing in her power. Need-work Katharine turned into a perfect art. She combined with it all the gorgeous taste in coloring, so apparent in the saxe, with the deft invention for which Adele was so remarkable. When the fair girl was thus employed, Katharine would rival her with a spirit of contemptuous scorn. But when Adele would return from a visit to the Governor, with an enthusiastic account of his kindness, Katharine would give the room in order to control her passion, though she never spoke more gently nor stared more affectingly upon Adele than at such seasons.

As the cold Canadian winter came on, these two beautiful girls were sent to the Ursuline convent and placed under charge of the sisters. Adele soon became a pet for the whole school. By many of the boarders Katharine was equally regardled, on account of her mixed blood, although it did not do for any one who wished to be Adele's friend to show that feeling in her presence.

The good sisters of the convent hardly knew how to understand the strange Katharine, but she succeeded so wonderfully in her studies that they were constrained to overlook her utter disregard of rules, and allowed her all the liberty their laws would permit. She did not attempt to mingle with the girls; if any of them sought her out she was courteous and pleasant, and had already a singular charm of manner which gradually made itself felt upon her companions in spite of their prejudices. Only once or twice during her stay at the convent did the terrible violence of her temper break beyond all bounds, and then she frightened the poor sisters quite out of their wits by the outburst.

One day in class, when an old sister, especially beloved by the pupils for her affectionate disposition and tact, was explaining to them some point in religious history, and all the group were supposed to be listening with great interest and silence, they were startled by a little sound that was the talk of the convent for weeks after.

There was one girl who held Katharine in special dislike, and never omitted an opportunity of annoying her in every way possible, although heretofore Katharine had probably won her over.

That day Mary McLean's attention was more than usually excited than usual. She whispered to her mother that she must take the wild Indian girl away before she left the class. After trying the several little expedients of "provoking" girls, she hit upon an

effective plan. Being quite a novice in the art of sketching, she quietly drew upon a leaf of a book the figure of an old squaw loaded with baskets. It was a capital caricature of the old Indian woman seen almost every day peddling baskets through the streets of Quebec. Underneath her sketch she wrote "Katharine's Grandmame." This was passed along the class and excited the risibility of all. Coming to Adele she would have suppressed it, but Katharine seized it. One look was enough. She sprang like a leopard upon the offending girl, and seizing her by the hair, dashed her to the floor. Then placing her foot on the girl's neck, stood with folded arms—the personation of a Nemesis, her great eyes glaring like balls of fire, and her bosom heaving wildly with emotion. The terrified classmate did not stir, and old Angelique was fairly petrified with astonishment and horror. In a moment the Indian girl took her seat, bestowing upon her fallen enemy a look of intense scorn. Angelique at once dismissed the class and summoned the Sister Superior, whose grave manner indicated the weight of the sin committed.

Katharine on being summoned appeared, preserving an outward calmness, but showing, through her eyes and face, the fierce fires burning within. The Superior asked her the cause of her conduct. Drawing from her bosom the offending picture, she held it in her hand, while she exclaimed :

"I shall show this to M<sup>me</sup> le Gouverneur, my father, to see if he permits me to be called to account for resenting such insults."

Her demeanor proved to the good old sisters the danger of venturing too far in a reproof for her conduct, fearing, also, that her indignation was in a degree excusable, considering the offense given. They could only order the still unrecorncilled girl to go to the chapel, where, by communion with the Virgin, she might regain her peace of mind. Katharine stepped from the door out into the hall, to find Adele awaiting her coming.

"Oh, my dear Katharine, what did the sisters say?"

"They ordered me to enter the chapel and there pray for the Virgin to forgive me!" she said, contemptuously.

"Oh, that was correct! It is so good to pray to the Virgin—it is so soothing and peaceful in that holy place. Come, let us hasten;" and Adele, taking her hand, would have led the way, but Katharine did not stir.

"I will not go at the present moment. If I do it will be at my own will. There is no power here that can make me go!" she said, firmly closing her eyes, yet the gentle Adele was not abashed.

"I know that, Katharine, if you would only go for my sake!"

These were strong feelings stirring at the young girl's heart as she looked at the recalcitrant Indian girl, gazing directly with her. Katharine felt it right that a quiet withdrawal after the religious rite, she saw practised in the convent, for she had turned to her Indian bath in spite of the development of her mind and the example every

day before her eyes. Her religious guile had been her half-idolatrous old Indian grandmother.

Adele felt a desire to go into the chapel for the mere purpose of showing her scorn for its holy rites, and that feeling overpowered her wish to resist every species of control or authority.

"Do go, Kate," whispered Adele.

"I will," she answered, quietly. "Yes, I will go."

Adele wound her arm about her waist and drew her away down the corridor.

When they reached the chapel-door, Katharine motioned her back. "I will do my penance alone," she said, haughtily.

"I should like to go in for a few moments," returned Adele. "I was so angry with Fanchon this morning that it would relieve my mind to say a prayer before the Madonna."

Katharine drew back and allowed her to enter the chapel. Adele walked on with bowed head, her thoughts stirred by the impressive quiet of the place, while Katharine followed, her lip wreathed with a haughty smile, and her eyes fastened upon her companion with an expression of contempt.

When they reached the altar, Adele knelt, and made a sign to Katharine to follow her example, but the girl stood erect and cold, looking like some beautiful but rebellious spirit mocking the holy influence of the place.

The chapel was a lovely spot, fitted up with good taste and richness, and adorned with many beautiful pictures and statues, which had been the gift of the Count de Frontenac. The light fell softly through the stained-glass-windows, and played in dappled rays over the tessellated floor, tinging the altar and its rich decorations.

The air was still, heavy with the perfume from the censer, which had been kindled at the morning church, mingled with the odor of the flowers upon the altar. Every thing about the place was calculated to produce a strong effect upon mind even naturally disposed to religious exercises, but they produced no effect upon Katharine.

As Adele knelt before the great picture of the Madonna, a very soft, clear light struck the picture and was reflected upon the pale face of the girl, which might have seemed, to an untrained observer, that it was a death-sigh of peace and love emanating from the Virgin upon the innocent child.

Her religious emotions were uncontrollable, Adele was unable to restrain Katharine, and thus speaking the calmness and rest which had overtaken her own mind, lent to her spirit, and won a girl of her soul spiritual type of beauty.

"Say a prayer for Fanchon, too," she added, and said, "I say, always, when I am in trouble, that it is God that I have to thank for my sins, and the sins of the whole world."

She went out, and the heavy door closed behind her. Katharine stood there for some moments, looking about, while a gentle tremor passed over her attempt over the steiner thoughts which had been in her heart.

## KATHERINE AS AN ARTIST.

She kindled the censors, and amused herself for hours in carrying them to and fro, and inhaling the aromatic perfume which was peculiarly pleasant to her. Then she set them upon one of the altar, and looked about for more interesting employment. The altar was decorated with beautiful flowers, which were always preserved even in the depths of the terrible Canadian winters.

Among the ignorant people of Quebec there was a superstition that these flowers were not placed on the altar by mortal hand, and that they were preserved unwithered by the especial interposition of the Virgin. The good nuns never attempted to contradict the harmless credence, although they taxed all their powers of ingenuity to preserve a store of blossoms for the required uses. They kept large quantities of flowering plants; besides, one of the old nuns was skilled in wonderful secrets, which enabled her to preserve all manner of flowers perfectly fresh, by keeping them in hermetically-sealed boxes. The art is now common enough, but, at that time, it was little understood, and, in the convent, was kept a profound secret among a few of the older members of the order.

There had been a fit of the prevailing day, so that the altar was unusually rich in its floral decorations.

Katherine at that age had a great love for the beautiful, and excelled in weaving all manner of beautiful garlands, so that her skill was often called in to aid the sisters, although it depended entirely upon her humor whether she saw fit to exercise her talents at the time required.

She took a rich curtain and laid it down on the altar-steps, recklessly toppling the vases of the flowers, overturning one or two in wanton disorder, and drenching the altar with water. Then, casting herself upon the cushion, she began weaving a garland, while she chanted in her native savage war-song, which she had taught herself at Tahiti, her native land of granitiae. It was a strange profane sacrifice to the gods. One moment the goddess of the altar, conscious that it was bathed through her navel; then a gleam of yellow hair would dance across it, as she fed the taper at the wick so evenly when the fuel was known. But still the white snow went on with her task, till the long braid of flowers trailed down the altar-steps and clung about her lap in perfumed festoons.

The flowers were all water-damaged, and Katherine imitated upon the next wall a species of wash-day. Near the altar stood a statue of the Virgin and Child, upon the other side was a pedestal, intended to support its original when it arrived—the Governor having presented it as a present to the day of his coming out of his visits to France.

Katherine hastily tore off a rich stuff that decorated a figure of the Virgin and threw it over her shoulders, took the gilt crown and placed it on her head, twined the garlands of flowers about her neck and waist, and, as some voice in the corridor warned her of an ap-

proach to the chapel, she bounded on the pedestal and stood there in an attitude so full of statuesque grace, that, in another place, it would have filled any beholder with speechless admiration; but, in the gloom of that sacred spot, the act seemed almost the work of some infernal spirit who had taken possession of that beautiful form.

The girl had been two hours in the chapel, and the Superior having learned through Alele that her command had been obeyed, was so delighted with this unusual proof of the Indian girl's submission, that she went to the chapel herself to put an end to a penance so nobly performed, and grant her pardon for the fault she had committed.

There was no one with her but sister Angelique. As they passed down the hill, the good old woman conversed about the strange girl, and congratulated themselves upon this astonishing change from her former disregard to rules and behests.

"This may be the beginning of a better state of things," said the Superior.

"I am sure she can not pray alone before that bejeweled Madonna without having her heart softened," said pious sister Angelique.

"I have no doubt we shall find her in tears and full of contrition," returned the Superior.

"It can not be otherwise," acquiesced her companion.

They reached the chapel door, opened it gently, and looked in. They could see nothing of Katharine in the half light, for their old eyes were feeble with time and long vigils.

They crossed themselves silently and passed up the aisle. As they neared the altar, the Superior caught sight of the bier which had been committed, and uttered a groan of horror. It was succeeded by a cry from sister Angelique, whose eyes were riveted upon the figure which now crowned the hitherto empty pedestal. In her infirmity she did not recognize Katharine, and the first thought of her superstitions mind was that, by some interposition of the saint whom they had intended to honor, the niche had been filled in the marvelous manner.

The Superior's groan made her turn, and revealed to her the consternation reigning about the altar. While roused by her exclamation, the mother glanced toward the niche. They rushed up to the pedestal and saw Katharine standing there, calm and untroubled, her eyes fixed intently just over their heads, as if perfectly unconscious of their presence.

The first thoughts were only of the horror and surprise of the moment. They fell on their knees, counting their beads and pronouncing prayers to all the saints in the calendar to preserve the convent from the consequences which they feared must follow this fatal omen. In the mean time Katharine stood surveying them with the most maidlike indifference and true Indian stoicism.

They rose from their knees, and a more melanchine feeling of despair came over the Superior's mind.

"Come down!" she shrieked. "Wicked, impious girl, come down!"

For the first time Katharine's five dimples all over with tan. She tumbled down from her perch and alighted like a cat on the marble floor.

"The Virgin preserve us! the saints forgive!" groaned sister Angelique, again falling on her knees, while the Superior seized Katherine by the shoulder.

"Go out!" she cried, trembling and half-frantic. "Go!"

"Take your hand from my shoulder!" hissed the girl, a spark of rage taking the place of her former mischievous enjoyment of the scene.

Angry and terrified as she was, the Superior could not dare that look. She dropped her arm, and Katherine walked out of the chapel without deigning to cast a single glance behind.

When they had a little recovered from the shock which they had received, the Superior and Sister Angelique fled as fast as their tottering limbs would permit.

Matters had reached a crisis at last. The Superior locked the chapel, so that none of the beaters might learn what had happened, and sent in all haste for the archbishop and the Governor. She could not trust her own judgment then. The Bishop and Frontenac knew better how to deal with the savage girl than the two superstitious women, and in the end, the matter was quietly settled.

Sister Angelique took a vow of secrecy, and the affair never transpired in the convent, although to Katherine it was one of the most triumphant incidents of her life.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE RETURN OF A SHADOW.

The next day Katherine managed to steal from the convent, while the sisters fancied her doing penance in her room. She had made herself so well acquainted with the environs of Quebec, that she threaded the streets which led along the river, as if she had been born among the lowly people who dwelt there. She did not pause, however, but kept on, hastening along the shore of the St. Lawrence till she reached a little cove, choked up with the wild vines and a thick growth of coarse shrubbery.

Katherine looked keenly among the vines, as if searching for something; many a time before this had she been in the same spot, with that wistful, anxious look on her face, and had gone away disappointed; she found no one there.

She was about to leave the cave now, and, with a sigh, turned to retrace her steps; but in her change of position, she caught sight of a string of wampum tied to an aller bush.

With a thrilling cry, and the leap of a deer, she sprang upon the bush and tore away the wampum. She sat down on the grass and kissed it wildly; she pressed it to her forehead, her lips, her heart, and great tears leaped from those superb eyes as she saw I open what seemed only a small fragment of beadwork.

After a time she started up, looked at the sun and laughed when she saw how high it was. Then she tore frantically the vines and undergrowth down by the water's brink, and dredged out an old canoe that lay hidden under them—it was rotten and decayed, but not the less fit for use. A paddle lay in the bottom; so she put the paddle in and pushed out for the stream. The current was swift and she used the paddle as a bird sways his wings in the air. The canoe fairly skinned the water, as a hawk plays with the waves. Every dip of that paddle sent up a flash of spray. As she went, the Indian girl burst forth into a joyous song, and so kept time with her progress.

At last she neared Orleans island, and slackened her speed among the turbulent waves that swelled out from the eternal dash of waters that poured down the Montmorenci falls. It was dangerous navigation there, and the canoe rocked on the tumult like a lily flower cast adrift from its root. In her eagerness, she had exposed herself into danger. As her little craft was leaping and plunging in the whirl of waters, she heard a shout from the island shore, and saw a canoe coming toward her swiftly as arrows leave the bow. It was an old woman, with a dark, withered face, and eyes that gleamed like fire as she swept her little craft onward.

"Mahaska—Mahaska!"

Katherine heard the cry and answered:

"Grandmother, come fast, come faster! I am searching for you."

Then the canoes came in contact with a light dip of the prows, and there, in the reeling waters, the two Indians embraced. Then the canoes shot away together, like swans sailing abreast, and Katherine sprung upon the shore and laughed gaily, as she shook the spray from her hair.

"Oh grandmother, you are here at last! You have come back from the forest to see your child. You have been a wise old woman."

The old woman drew close to her, and stood with her arms full.

"Yes, Ahno has been gone long and far; she has visited many nations—seen many chiefs. She promised the pale-face, or your white father, to go away from his sight forever, and she will keep her promise—for he must not see her here again."

"But the Governor did not order you away; you banished your self, on that sad, sad day when the great crime was discovered," said Katherine, deprecatingly, for she saw in Ahno's eyes the old fire burning there which seemed to have been lit over Chiloh's grave.

"Yes, I know. I killed his white wife with poison because I thought he had murdered Chilie. He did not kill Chilie—I was wrong—I have banished myself for the crime I committed; yet, *I am here!*" Her look was one of mingled hate and love.

"You came hither to see Chilie's child!" said Katherine, as she threw her arms around the old woman's neck.

Ahno did not speak for some moments. Her face assumed a look of anxiety, distrust and pain; but this soon passed away, and soon her features gleamed with an inward satisfaction.

"Mashka has grown tall as the pine and as like as the reed. She is very fair—fairer than my Chilie, her mother; and her heart is the heart of the great chief, Chilie's father!" This she said, gazing upon Katherine as she stood before her. Every feature of Ahno's face was alive with the feeling of pride which filled her heart.

Katherine did not move or reply, but stood up proudly, as if conscious that she merited the compliments of her grandmother.

"Does Mashka rejoice that Ahno has come?"

"Yes; I am so weary of the castle, so sick of the pale-faces and their ways, that I am doubly glad to see my own kindred. It is good for Mashka's spirit that Ahno has come. She has been waiting long for her," said the girl, with decision.

"Yet Ahno would have never returned if the chief had not ordered. Ahno numbered the Governor's pale-face wife—the mother of the golden-haired child that the Governor loves and has taken to his bosom; and for that she went away into the wilderness, nevermore to return; but the chiefs have ordered otherwise, and I am here!"

"What here the chief's ordered?" inquired the girl, in vain trying to suppress her eagerness.

Ahno looked long and silently at her; both were as unmoved as statues; they seemed as if a part of the forest—a human part, yet as if dumb creatures of the woods.

"We will go to Chilie's grave!" at length said the old woman, solemnly. She turned and led the way up the shore of the island, to the spot where Chilie stumbled to reach the great elm. The grave was still silent and still, as if the spirit of peace kept watch and ward over it. The old elm swung its leafy arms over it like a canopy, and the wind sighed sadly through the bare branches as if talking to the guardian of the spot. It was a silent place, impressing inexpressible thoughts, not stirring in its members.

Ahno did not speak, nor groan, nor weep, nor cry, nor sigh, but uttered no sound. She seemed half communing with her own thoughts. Katherine stood silent, her eyes filled with tears. How she loved her mother! How she mourned her death! She thought it with tenderness, rather than spite by the Governor, and, too, all her hate for the child who had come between him and her. Her Indian soul swelled within her with an inexpressible emotion, strangely made up of love, hate, ambition and pain of restraint.

"Chileli sleeps well," said Ahno; "is Mahaska's heart at peace?"

Mahaska's heart is on fire!" the girl almost shrieked, as she struck her bosom with her clenched hand. "Mahaska tires of life. She longs for freedom. She is not treated as an equal in the castle. She is not loved; but *she shall be feared*," she fairly hissed, while her eyes glared like those of a leopard driven to its lair.

Ahno's eyes shot back an exultant fire. "Does Mahaska forget that she has white blood in her veins?" she asked, as if to taunt the girl.

"She had white blood there once, but the fire in her bosom burned all the white out of it; her blood is now dark—darker than the Indian's; it is the blood of one who *hates* the pale-faced race as the bison hates its hunter." Her words rang out strong and clear; and the waters of the river that went rushing by seemed to catch the word "hate" as to echo it.

"Does Mahaska still desire to remain with the pale-faces, or would she come again to her people and be one of them?" asked Ahno, as if not moved by the girl's words.

"She desires to leave the castle, to seek the woods and to become one of her people; but Mahaska is not one of the people—she has the blood of a great chief in her veins, and she shall rule her people as a queen. If she does not rule, she will not seek their lodges."

"It is well! Ahno has a message for Nemo's grandfather. She shall visit the lodge and hear it; then she shall know of the tiny ~~in~~ store for her and her race."

The two passed into the depths of the forest, and soon came upon the old lodge. It stood there as if but yesterday vacated, perfectly unchinked. Carefully surveying it, Ahno entered and bade beckoned Katharine to follow.

It was three long hours before Katharine came forth. She looked care-worn, but passed rapidly down to her canoe, like one conscious of power and eager to meet her destiny. Ahno did not appear until late at evening, when she stepped out, gathered brushwood for her fire, and evidently prepared to tarry on the island.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE ISLAND TRIP.

THERE was a holiday at the convent, but neither Alice nor Katharine was sent for to spend it at the castle, as the Governor was absent at Montreal.

Most of the girls had gone into the city to spend the day. The

girls were enjoying the unwonted relaxation from duty in their own quiet manner, so that the gray old nunery was even more silent than usual.

Alele, quite tired of her own society, tired of the needle-work and books with which she had been trying to solace her solitude, started to seek Katharine, that she might at least have the satisfaction of bewailing the dulness of a day which ought to have proved so pleasant. Katharine was out in the garden, sitting in the sun with a book on her knee.

Alele crept up behind her and laid her hand suddenly on her shoulder. An ordinary girl would have shrieked in nervous fright; but Katharine's quick ears caught every sound, and light as the step had been, she had heard it. She looked quietly up from her book in silence.

"What a girl!" exclaimed Alele; "any body else would have screamed."

"I am not nervous, you know," replied Katharine; "although they have partially civilized me, they have not taught me that accomplishment. Besides that, I heard you coming."

"And I stepped so quietly!" said Alele. "Why a bird would not have heard me."

"I have been trained in the forest, you know."

Alele threw herself on the bench by her side, and yawned dolefully.

"Isn't it stupid?" she exclaimed. "One would think we were being punished instead of having a holiday."

"Why didn't you go home with some of the girls?"

"Oh, I didn't wish; I was so disappointed at not seeing papa that I should have had no enjoyment. What are you doing?" and she pulled her book away with the air of a spoiled child. "Reading history, as I live!"

"Certainly, one must do something."

"All about Boadicea, queen of the Britons! How can you?"

"She was a grand woman," exclaimed Katharine; "a true queen!"

"Oh dear me, I always feel afraid of her—then she was a heathen, too, and very wicked."

Katharine only smiled her contempt.

"Please don't read any more," said Alele; "do talk."

"Very well," returned Katharine, as her companion impatiently flung her book on the grass. "What shall we talk about?"

"Oh, I don't know—I feel so stupid!"

"You do look a little dreary."

"What can we do to pass away the day?"

"Makine has given us leave to do any thing we like."

"But what good is that when there is nothing to do?"

"I have something."

"What is it? Do answer. Mayn't I go with you—are you going out?"

"You would not wish to go—you would be afraid."

"Into the wood is it? Oh, I am not afraid with you."

"I am going to row up to the island—I am going to see my grandmother's old lodge."

"Oh, how delightful! Do let me go with you. I am crazy to go. You will find me ill when you come back if you leave me here alone."

After a moment's thought Katharine replied:

"You can go if you wish, but only on condition that you never mention having been to the island, nor speak of any one we may find there."

"Oh, you dear girl! I promise every thing," cried Alice, "I will be mute as a mouse."

"Is it out of curiosity?" demanded Katharine. "Do you want to play the spy about the old Indian woman's lodge that you may come back and laugh with your companions about the way she lived?"

"Oh, Katharine, how can you be so cruel?" exclaimed Alice, so hurt that the tears rushed into her eyes. "You know I love you too well for that; you never knew me to do an unkind thing, I am sure. Besides, you have talked so much of your grandmother that I want to see the place where she lived."

"You may go," replied Katharine, quietly.

"But won't you like to have me?" she asked, timidly. "I don't wish to be in your way."

"Little baby!" she said, laughing. "Go and get yourself ready."

"I must speak to Madame."

"Very well; say that you wish to go out with me. Remember I don't choose all the world to know where my poor old grandmother lived. The girls won't be rushing up in a body to see the lodge. Madame is such an old goose-sister as all the kitchen-wives."

Alice flew off to obtain permission, and soon hurried up to Katharine's room, exclaiming:

"I can go, she says I can go, for a long walk. She says there is no danger in the woods with you, only we must not go too far. If there are any wild-flowers in blossom she wants us to bring her back a quantity of them."

"I dare say there may be some on the island. Are you ready?"

"Yes, all ready. Oh, Kate, now you can teach me how to row." Katharine nodded.

"But you'll be afraid if we meet any one strange."

"No I won't—I am not quite a baby."

They went out of the convent and took their way low down the river, casting out upon the river-bank in the place Katharine had the habit of secreting her canoe. She did not choose Alice to be in her confidence as she said:

"Look, there are some early violets—gather them while I look for the canoe. It used to be somewhere near this place."

Adele bounded off, and before she could return, Katharine had the light canoe in the water, and was sitting in the bottom.

"Now you mustn't stir," she said, as she helped Adele in; "the thing tips at the least motion."

Adele looked a little frightened as, with one vigorous sweep of her paddle, Katharine sent the frail bark out into the stream. But she reassured her fears lest Katharine should laugh at her.

"You look a little pale," said the girl.

"No, no; it made me dizzy at first, but it will soon be over."

In a few moments her nervousness were off, and she entered fully into the enjoyment of the wild expedition, more charming to her from its novelty.

"Isn't it delightful?" she exclaimed. "And what a lovely day! Oh, Kate, how beautiful the woods are!"

"You have seen the Falls?"

"Yes, once; Madeline took me there last fall—don't you remember? How splendidly you paddle. Oh, if I only could learn!"

"It would be too hard, and we are in haste—when we are coming back, perhaps I will let you try."

"This is charming," Adele pattered on. "I am so glad I did not go with the girls. I like so much being with you. Does it please you to have me, Kate?"

"One always likes to have roses near," she answered.

"How pretty! You always say the sweetest things. But sometimes I think you do not like to have me with you."

"I cannot be so demonstrative as you are—it is not in my nature."

"That is true; my Kate is like no one else; but you are my own twin soul friend."

"So quickly or you will be in the river."

Adele laughed gaily; her fears had quite departed.

"Oh, there is the island," cried Adele.

"It is the hour of the sunset," said Katharine.

"Is it not grand? It fairly makes me tired!"

They came in sight of the island. Adele was silent with awe. To Katharine it was like the face of a friend; it always seemed to speak a language she alone could understand, and she glided in thoughts of it.

They soon reached the island, and Adele bounded lightly upon the bank, looking about with enthusiasm and admiration.

The trees were their brightest mantle of green; the grape-vines clung at the sand-covered banks over their heads; the first blossoms of spring covered the earth; the woods were alive with birds; all the sounds of a scene of unutterable beauty.

"How grand it is!" Adele exclaimed again, as they took the path through the woods.

Quickly they were in sight of the ledge. The smoke curled up faintly against the clear sky. With its rude walls covered with early vines, the ledge looked picturesquely and graceful.

Katharine uttered a cry like a quail calling its mate.

"What is that for?" asked Adele, in astonishment.

Katharine put up her hand to enjoin silence. In an instant an answering cry sounded on the air.

"It was to warn my grandmother that I was bringing a stranger to her lodge," said Katharine, in explanation. "She answered that you were welcome."

They passed on, and as they gained the front of the lodge a wolf-skin curtain at the entrance swung back, and the old Indian woman stood in the opening.

Katharine made a warning gesture, which Adele did not perceive, but the squaw required no such caution. Although, at the first glance, she recognized the girl, yet she betrayed no emotion save that of pleasure at the unexpected visit; but Katharine's practiced glance could read the hate which burned in her heart at the sight of her visitor.

"I have brought the daughter of the Governor chief to the lodge," she said.

"The maiden is welcome," returned the old woman, in broken French, but with great dignity and courtesy. "She is fair as a young blossom, and pleasant to look upon as a spring morning."

She motioned them to enter the lodge, seated Adele upon the richest couch of skins, and treated her with the consideration of an honored guest.

Adele looked about in pleased astonishment. The lodge was comfortable. The quantity of furs upon its walls and floors, and embroidery on the couches, gave it even an appearance of luxury.

"What a pleasant place to live in," said the surprised Adele; "no wonder you like to come here, Katharine. I am greatly obliged to you for bringing me."

"The Indian woman has only plain food to offer. Will the white rose eat?"

Adele accepted this hospitality without press; the trip had given her an appetite unusually keen.

"You can have venison and fish, my grandmother says," said Katharine, gayly; "but you will only get corn-bread for a meal."

"It will be churning after the poor fire at the convent," said Adele.

The old woman went through a back door to the outside, and began her operations. In a few moments the odor of the viands cooking before the fire came pleasantly through the crevices.

"I am so hungry," said Adele.

Katharine herself arranged a seat before the fashion of the whites, while Adele sat by her, both looking out toward gayly. But Katharine did not lose sight of the old woman. She had grown used to fear some act of treachery toward the maid, and she did. Unobserved she passed out into the open or cabin, and over the old woman's shoulder. She held a red mitt in her hand, and was pouring a few drops of a colorless liquid into the cup intended for Adele.

"Fool!" she whispered, as the woman turned fiercely upon her.  
"Would you ruin us both?"

"No, no; the pale-face won't live for months, but wither after drinking the cup as surely as flowers die when touched by the frost."

"You shall not do it," replied Katharine. "She shall not be harmed! I have said it!"

"So be it," replied the woman. "Let Mahaska decide."

Adele called her friend that instant, and Katharine hastened into her. She had no fears in leaving her grandmother, knowing that she would not disobey the injunctions given.

The meal was served and the two girls enjoyed it thoroughly, Adele happy and gay as a child.

"Now we must have a long ramble in the woods," she said, when the repast was concluded. "I want to gather some flowers for the good mother."

Katharine complied with her request, and they wandered for some time over the beautiful island, every moment increasing Adele's delight. Occasionally Katharine would startle her by some wild feat, such as catching the limbs of great trees and swinging herself high in air, or leaping down dangerous steeps; but mingled with this fear were a profound admiration and excitement, which gave her terror a sort of charm.

"We must go back," Adele said, at length; "It will be nearly dark when we reach the convent."

"It would be pleasant to frighten the old souls out of their wits by staying away," said Katherine.

"Oh, no; they would never let me go out again. We must go directly home."

"Little defiance! come back to the lodge and bid my grandmother good-by, then."

The woman parted from Adele with every expression of kindness.

Katharine took her seat in the canoe and pushed it from the shore. When they were in the middle of the stream she laid her paddle across the little craft and leaned her elbows upon it.

"Adele," she said, very seriously, "you have promised not to tell where we have been, or that you have met my grandmother on the island."

"Yes, Katharine, I have promised."

"And you will keep the promise?"

"Indeed I will, Katharine."

"Remember, it extends beyond the school, even to the Gover-

L. R."

Adele looked a little troubled, but she answered, firmly:

"I will mention this day's visit to no one."

Katharine's face brightened, and, with a graceful sweep of her hand, she dashed her paddle in the water.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE TWO VISITS.

Is the seclusion of the convent three years passed? Both Katharine and Adele made such improvement that the Governor, still lonely in the grand solitude of his home, began daring his respects more to hint of taking them away.

"Katharine will be glad of that," said Adele. "She was remarking only yesterday that the sisters had taught us all they could."

"I never expected she would have stayed here so long," observed the Governor; "It must have been a hard struggle at first."

"Katharine never complained," said Adele, "and she has studied night and day. For weeks together, when the sisters taught her asleep, she would be studying in advance of the others. I assure you, papa, she is much wiser than I am."

The Governor looked at the young girl with yearning tenderness. She grew more like her mother every day. The same blue eyes that had won his heart—the same quick smile. The manner, the soundness of her voice was put before so precisely in the same key that, when he heard it suddenly, the sorrowing man would start, thinking that he had heard those tones which could never again meet his ear until he passed over the dark waters.

"I have asked Madame's permission to take you here for this evening and to-morrow," said the count, resuming the conversation in order to break off the tide of recollection which even yet, if he gave it free course, swept with such wild power over him.

"How delightful!" exclaimed Adele. "You are so kind, so good, papa! I love you better every day, and yet every day that seems impossible."

The Governor responded with grave affection to her words, his thoughts had gone so far back into the past that it was difficult for him to appear gay without an effort.

"Shall I run and tell Katharine?" said Adele, anxious to share her happiness with her friend, who had not yet entered the room.

"Katharine will not accompany you," he answered. "I send you to meet some friends of mine who are passing through town. They feel no interest in her; and I am afraid to tell them that I may be pleased to entice her or for them. We will talk about her."

"I hope she will not be disappointed," said Adele, always fearful of causing her friend the least pain.

The Governor smiled terribly upon her. This evidence of generous sensibility pleased him greatly.

"Always thought of others' comfort," he said, patting her hand. "But I am certain that Katharine will not care in the least."

"I doubt if she will care much myself," returned Adele, after an instant's reflection. "She is never willing to waste time—I am a sad idler, you know."

"You are every thing that is sweet and good," he replied, folding her to his heart with a sudden clutch of feeling.

"Shall I go back with you?" she asked.

"I am not going to the castle yet," he answered. "I have business in the city—I will send for you before evening."

"Good-bye! Hark, there is Katharine now."

As she spoke the Indian girl entered the parlor, her proud bearing partially subdued under an affection of humility it often pleased her to assume in the Governor's presence.

He returned his greeting pleasantly, but she was no longer the child who had shown such passionate devotion. The Governor looked troubled. He saw her so sedate now, that her presence always reminded him of his mother, and that memory was a pain to one—he never could forget or forgive himself for the sad life and mournful death his love had brought upon the poor Indian mother.

She entered into conversation without the least embarrassment, and the Governor could but marvel at the keen, subtle intellect which betrayed itself in every remark, while her beauty struck him as something resplendent—an impression it had never before made on him.

He tried to feel for her a portion of the strong affection he gave Adele, but it was very difficult; he pitied her, he could be generous and kind, but her presence was associated too closely with the darkest, gloomiest memories of his life to make it pleasant to him.

One thing he hoped, that her constant civilization had wrought such an entire change in her habits and life that the savage instincts of her nature would gradually be rooted out and give place to the gentler, softer feelings derived from a companionship with Adele, his beloved of all that was fair and lovely.

He was but aware how much liberty the Superior allowed the wild girl to have, partly because she told him it to be his wish, perhaps, to reverse some hard and unkind laws; but however less it was to attempt opposition when the girl had a most decided upon her course and the result thereof, as she always did her. There's people to see to, they could not afford to give any indication over her, how that she had been educated in the ways of her old tribe.

Adele's visit to the castle was a success. Katharine evinced no displeasure, though her mind revolted with anger at the idea of being excluded from her father's house.

"They are old friends of my family and talk of Adele's mother," said the Governor; "I knew you would not care to meet them. If there were to be any festivities, of course I should take you also."

" You are very kind, sir; I thank you. I hope Adele will enjoy herself."

Adele kissed her gratefully.

" She is such an angel, papa ! Always thinking of my happiness."

When the count had gone the girls went up to their room, Adele talking eagerly all the way, while Katharine seemed to listen, though her thoughts in reality were upon the sight she had received from her own father.

" Kate, *cherie*," said Adele, when her father had gone, " we are going to leave the convent this fall; are you not glad?"

" Yes," she replied, quietly; " it will do me no good to stay here any longer."

" Papa says you grow handsome every day," continued Adele, " and I believe you do. Indeed, Kate, you are very beautiful."

" I have permission to go out this afternoon," said Katharine.

" Where are you going? You have more liberty than anybody else; papa insisted upon that when you came here."

" Oh, yes," she said, scornfully, " he pitied the will of man; he knew she would fret her heart out if they bound her too fast."

" Why do you talk about being an Indian?" said Adele; " you are growing like all of us, every day, only brighter, more—"

" I shall never be like you," she said, passionately; " my grandfather was a savage chief, a king ! I am an Indian princess. What are you, compared to that?"

" Oh, what a pretty title," said Adele; " and you look like a princess, you darling bird. But where are you going?"

" To my grandmother—she wants me. But remember your promise never to mention her."

" How do you know?" asked Adele. " No one has been here to see you. Of course I shall say nothing about it."

Katharine took a string of wampum from her bosom, and held it toward Adele.

" I found that in the garden an hour ago," she said; " it is my grandmother's sign."

Adele looked at her in wonder.

" Every thing about you is so strange," she said; " yet, you will never be like other girls—but you are the best, most incomprehensible darling that ever existed."

She gave Katharine a score of caresses, to which the poor girl submitted quietly, although her feeling of repulsion for the wild-hearted girl grew every day deeper and more bitter. Not even a trace of affection ever made her heart, for a single instant, waver in its steely disk-like. In secret it had grown so deep and profound, that she panted often for the untaught and truly innocent virginity which must, in some shape, one day or another be her own. But she could wait—her Indian blood had taught her that lesson—she could wait and watch, yet her victim's soul no more escape her than a hawk could have evaded the pursuit of a she-wolf.

"I must make ready for my visit," said Adele. "I wish you were going too, Katharine; I shall not half enjoy it when you are absent."

"I would rather have my solitary journey to the ledge. I don't feel in a humor to meet strangers."

She soon escaped from Adele and hurried off to prepare for her own day's visit.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE FUTURE QUEEN.

KATHERINE went out into the forest that afternoon, and took her way through its tangled paths toward her grandmother's ledge.

It was a beautiful day, and Katherine breathed more freely in the grandeur of the woods. Had she been differently trained, happy and contented, the forest would still have been her favorite home, for she was too completely an Indian in her instincts ever to love the artificial restraints of civilized life.

She came out upon the river a mile or two beyond the city, treading the path with the ease of familiarity, and looking about as she reached the bank of the stream as if in search of something.

A canoe was hidden among the logs and underbrush, which her grandmother kept there for her use when she chose to start from that point.

Katherine dragged it out of its place of concealment, seated herself in the bottom, and a few sweeps of the paddle sent her shooting through the current with a swiftness which made the bright sun fall in a striking shower about her.

There was a sort of relief in this physical exertion; it took her mind away from the black thoughts which her conversation with Adele had aroused; and the sense of freedom she had in that trackless solitude, made her pulses bound with delight.

The light came down the river like a tireless fire. Every instant increased Katherine's feeling of exultation and pleasure in having, for a time, escaped from the thralldom of her every-day life.

A beautiful island was in sight, glowing in the richness of its summer luxuriance, lying well out before the great current of the summer palace of the nymphs who haunted the tide. It would have been a true fancy, indeed, that had not woven all manner of poetical imaginations in looking on the scene. Katherine's soul was fully capable of taking in and appreciating all the beauty of the sight. She had in her nature a mingling of strange qualities, such

as one sin is among those spirits of evil like the Borgias, whose names are written in such terrible characters upon the annals of history. She exulted and revelled in whatever was grandly beautiful; she had the eye of an artist and the imagination of a poet, blended with the savage ferocity of her native disposition.

As her canoe neared the island she clucked its speed, paddling close in to the shore, pulling her little boat along by catching at the overhanging bushes and vines which grew close to the water's edge. Faustina and the glad exuberance of her spirits, made this kind of hidden movement a keen delight.

Silently she started; her eye caught sight of a canoe moored on the shore of the island. She was sure that it did not belong to her grandfather. Some one from the city must be on the island. Who was there and might be discovered? Katherine's heart beat quick as she thought of this peril, and she prepared to strand her boat. Shoring up her canoe she sprang to the land, and as she gained a little rise of ground, which looked like a beautiful dimadow in the rest of the forest, she heard footsteps near. Looking up she saw a young man just emerging from the forest. He had passed suddenly out of sight of her, and stood gazing at her movements in an attitude of a fairing wonder. Her cheeks were flushed with the exercise; her hair had broken partially loose from its coronet of feathers, while the Indian decorations which she added to her dress to please her grandmother's fancy, all helped to heighten the effect of her wild beauty.

In the instant that they stood there Katherine's quick eye had taken in his whole appearance. With the first glance her heart took fire, and hoped to meet him. He would never be forgotten—never! This truth blazed in her eyes, and burned on her cheek; at last she knew she loved him! He was quite young; the delicate beauty of his face, almost too handsome for a man, was relieved by an expression of firmness and decisiveness which kept it free from any character of coquetry. He wore the uniform of a French officer, but Katherine knew that he could only have recently arrived at Quebec, as his appearance was perfectly unknown to her, and his air was that of a jester recently from court.

Katherine was a strange, incomprehensible girl, with a weird destiny before her. Love and hate sprang simultaneously in her soul, like the golden bursting of a tropical tempest. She could not understand the succession which is set through her heart; she looked at the stranger; but could her wild fancy conceive a prophecy—that man was to have an influence over her fate? *He was to be her master!* She never thought at her rest for her superstitious fancies—she believed them prophecies; and, indeed, they often appeared so, although it was told her by friends that their belief acting upon her impulsive will which made her pursue them unhesitatingly until they became realities. After the first start moment of astonishment, the stranger approached her, courteous holding his hat in his hand.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "may I ask if you have seen a canoe near here? I landed on the island to explore it a little, and have foolishly mistaken my way back."

"It lies yonder," she said, in French as perfect as his own, pointing through an opening in the trees.

"I beg you thousand pardons; it was very stupid of me," he said, laughing gayly. "However, I must thank my folly for giving me the pleasure of being set right by you."

She bowed faintly, her eyes half closed by their heavy lashes, a picture in every detail of his appearance.

The stranger, in turn, with all his high breeding, could not restrain the curiosity which she had excited in his mind. He had never seen a creature so beautiful, yet she was so unlike any woman he had ever met that he was puzzled to decide as to what race she belonged to.

The partially Indian dress contrasted so strangely with her French accent and the polished grace of her manner, that he could find no clue to the mystery.

"Is the Island inhabited?" he asked, suddenly.

"Were you seeking some one?" inquired Katharine, in breathless dread, forgetting to answer his question.

"Oh, no, mademoiselle; I had idle hours on my hands, and roamed up to see the Falls. Mademoiselle resides in Quebec, I suppose?"

She bowed assent.

"I always thought I had seen the fiery princess who owned this enchanted island," he said, with the exaggerated gallantry of the time.

Katharine smiled at the compliment; from most men such words would have excited a feeling of haughty repulsion, but from his lips they gave her a strange pleasure.

"I suppose the beauty of the day attracted you forth as it did me?" he said, anxious to continue the conversation.

"I love the wilderness," she replied, with exultant fire in her eyes. "I breathe freely there. Shut up in great towns I feel chained, imprisoned."

She spoke earnestly, almost passionately, while a crimson flush lighted up her beauty.

"I have seen little of your new world," he answered, "but I have done. There is something about the semi-tropical forests of the West Indies. Nature here sprawls out in such a sumptuous way, and we who have toiled in the Orient are surprised. Was mademoiselle born here?"

"I have always been my home," she replied.

He had not failed to notice the sudden interest which evidently forced him to form more words. Before he could speak again, Katharine, returning to her cradle, made a movement to proceed.

"Are you going?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Next winter I return to Quebec," he said, "I shall think often of the happiness of meeting you again."

She cast one bewildering glance upon him, and, with a gesture of farewell hurried up the path. He stood watching her until she had disappeared in the windings of the forest, then he sprung down the bank, exclaiming, half aloud :

"Who can she be? What a beautiful creature! There is something terribly grand about her! Is she savage or civilized? I must hasten back—I promised to return before night-fall."

Still, the young man followed the Indian princess with his eyes and marked well the footpath she had taken.

Katharine hurried rapidly on toward the lodge, her mind filled with the recollection of that brief interview—fuller of gentler, more girlish thoughts than had blessed it for months. This sudden love warmed and softened her whole nature like a tropical sun. Katharine felt the great change with wonder, and, in the depths of her soul, knew she had reached one of the important eras in her life. Thenceforth, dating from that meeting, there was to be a change—of what nature she could not tell—but it was to come, and the intuition to which she trusted never deceived her.

As she approached the door of the lodge, she saw her grandmother sitting upon the threshold. Near by stood a young Indian, conversing earnestly with her.

Katharine looked at him in surprise, for she had supposed herself familiar with the faces of all the leaders of her grandmother's tribe. This man was a stranger—evidently, in spite of his youth, a chief of considerable importance, from the sings which her practiced eyes detected in his dress.

Old Ahmo heard her step. Seeing Katharine approaching, she said a few words in a low tone to the chief, which made him turn toward the will girl with the stately grace which characterizes an Indian warrior—a stateliness born of the woods.

"Mahaska has been long in coming," said the old woman, with a grave air of rebuke; "has she become so wedded to the pale-faces that she can not bear to leave them even for an hour?"

"Grandmother, you know that I can not every day leave the great town," she answered, the Indian accents sounding rich and sweet in her melodious voice; "but my heart is always here in my grandmother's lodge. My soul turns always to the tribe of my dead mother."

The old woman looked at her with all the affection that her hard face was capable of expressing.

"Mahaska is still a true bird of the forest," she said, tritely, faintly. "But her cheek is pale; she is killing herself with the books the pale-faces give her."

"Mahaska must be wise and full of grile as they are," she answered; "but she hates their knowledge as she does them."

"The old woman glanced at the young chief and made the gesture of approval.

"The maiden speaks like a prophet," he said; "the wisdom of the great chief Nemono has descended to his grandchild."

Katharine smiled down upon him from her lofty state with a grace that many a European princess might have envied.

"I do not know your fire," she said; "I have never seen you in my grandmother's lodge before."

"Glen-gwa-tah has been upon the war-path," answered the old woman, "far away from here, and has taken many scalps; he is a great warrior."

Katharine looked at him with an admiration she had seldom felt for any man; the gay French officers about the Governor's castle only filled her with contempt by their light manners and frivolous amusements. Here was a man of power.

"I know the chief's name," she said; "it is feared among his enemies. I am glad to see him in my grandmother's lodge."

He made a stately gesture of courtesy, and through the bronze impassivity of his visage, one could see how the sight of her beauty touched his savage heart.

"The young princess speaks softly as a wood dove," he said, "but her eye is brave as that of an eagle, poised above the Falls."

"Mahiska shall one day be a great squaw," exclaimed the old woman; "she can teach her tribe wisdom which will make them equal to the pale-faces. The red blood of many chiefs burns in her veins. She will be a queen and a prophetess among her people."

"It is well," answered the chief; "the women of her nation shall grow wise by her example. If Nemono's grandchild will come among her people, she shall be great in their medicine-lodges."

"Some time, some time," answered Katharine, abruptly. "Mahiska has work to do here yet; she will stay among the pale-faces till her soul has drunk of their knowledge. Then she will know how to sit in council with great warriors."

"Does the maiden fear the forest with its dark paths, and the rude life that her people lead?" asked the chief, with a look of displeasure. "Is it fear that whispers her to wait?"

Katharine turned upon him brightly.

"Let the chief choose his words with more care," she said. "Mahiska is a princess and I will have respect."

He bent his head and his face cleared—the savage pride that flashed in her eyes pleased him.

"She speaks boldly, like a young chief," he said.

"She has the heart of one," answered the girl; "when Mahiska goes among her people, she will not be ranked with the women of her tribe. She will know how to reign."

The old woman nodded her head approvingly, and the young chief looked perplexed. This strange specimen of womanhood was as new to his experience as it had just proved to the French officer.

"When does the maiden man to come among her mother's people? They are waiting," he said.

"I can not tell when; but if she does join her tribe, Mahaska will scorn them if they are not bold and daring as she will be."

"The chiefs will listen to her voice," he said; "she is wise beyond even the prophets of her nation."

In truth, among the whole of the Six Nations, Katharine's name was already held in respect. Ahmo had kept alive the interest concerning her, and there really was a vague superstition among the Indians that the Great Spirit had raised up this maiden to be a ruler among them and to teach them to combat successfully the encroachments of the pale-faces.

Suddenly Katharine burst forth in a torrent of impassioned eloquence which made the chief's eyes flash, and his face brighten with pain and wonder. She sent messages to the rulers of the tribes; the painted for them a future so noble that the young man was transfixed with astonishment.

"Tell the old men," she said, "that all these things shall be. Mahaska, day and night, thinks of her people—cares for them. She will keep her word. Soon they shall know her."

"The Manitou speaks through her lips," he said, with awe in his tone. "Gi-en-gwa-tah will remember her words and they shall be given to the chiefs."

"It is well," said Katharine. "Now let the chief talk freely with Mahaska; he must keep holding back from her. She is sent by the Great Spirit—her people dare not refuse to hear her words."

This young girl spoke with the power of divination; the secret of her silent meditations baffle faith. For a long time her mind had centered upon that object, to make for herself a vast power among the Indians. She had hitherto no definite plan—she could not tell how or when she might go among them, but she determined to make herself respected and feared. To fill their souls with superstition as awe, that when the time came for her to take her place among her people, she might become their ruler and tell them so many sayings to her wishes that she would indeed be a queen, powerful as the female monarchs of the old world of whom she had read so much. She felt in her pride that her state should not be below theirs, or her power be less. The Six Nations were a great people—certainly a great and worthy offshoot of the ancient and mighty race; Iroquois had proven their value as allies; other nations should be under law of their greatness.

"Let the chief return to his people," she said, at last, "and respect to them what Mahaska has said. The Great Spirit utters the words that fall from her lips. Let her speak in their hearts, and grow strong. Mahaska will want many warriors for the war-path."

"Gi-en-gwa-tah will remember," he said, "and the chiefs will act upon her words."

"The time has not yet come for Mahaska to go among them," she continued, "but ere the flowers have fled many autumns, she will go forth to join them and will never leave them again."

"The maiden's voice is soft as the sound of pleasant waters," he said; "but her words are loud like those of a great prophet; they will sink deep into the hearts of her people."

"Then the Great Spirit will send them plenty," she replied, "maize corn and venison, better than that, many scalps. Their names shall be a terror to their enemies. Mahaska herself will lead them forth to battle, and those who follow her upon the war-path shall always return victors. She has promised!"

She overwhelmed the chief with her eloquence, and bewitched him with her beauty. He went back to his people full of the marvel he had seen, and filled every mind with new interest concerning their future chastiness. Katherine returned to her home to indulge in her unwomanly dreams, and harden her heart still more with thoughts of coming power—power which should yet make the haughty wretches tremble in their high places. If among them she was taunted and scorned, how it should be her revenge to make herself feared and obeyed when the time came for her triumph.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE NEW STAR.

It was mid-winter in Quebec, and for the first time since the sudden death which had followed the arrival of the ill-fated wife of the Governor, the city was thrown open to a season of gayety and festive enjoyment. A ball had been at the convent, and this party was given in her honor. It had been the talk of the whole town for weeks past, and people were rejoiced that the gubernatorial palace was once more about to assume the aspect which best suited their mercurial French masters.

It was difficult to tell what the Governor would have decided in regard to his wife's marriage if he had been left to his own judgment, but Katherine threw the matter entirely into her own hands, and would see to it herself (and nothing else), as to have all well. Her friends tried to dissuade her from the festivities of which she was to prove the center.

There was a taste of great excitement during the whole day, as she was sure to be at the theater or any gay assembly, and nothing satisfied her so much as the perfect success Katherine maintained upon the occasion.

"You provoking girl," she exclaimed, running into Katherine's chamber that afternoon for the twentieth time, and finding her en-

grasped in a book. "There you sit reading quietly, as if nothing uncertain were to take place; I am vexed with you, Kate, it's unnatural."

"If we are to have balls as frequently as people predict," replied Katharine, "one may as well learn to take them easily."

"I cannot," said Adele, "I really can not. I never was meant to be stately and proud like you—real princess that you are. I have been trying to sleep a little; but, dear me, I can scarcely fancy the people whirling about in the ball-room, every time I close my eyes."

She was most embarrassed to Katherine during such chafing of lips, and it was a pleasant change to the intense hate which had eaten so deeply into her soul, binding it down to evil thoughts like a heavy fetter of iron. Still she sat immovable, looking on the page she had been reading.

"I don't believe you have looked at your dress," she said; "I have tried mine on a dozen times; how shall you dress your hair, Kate? With a coronet of braids, I hope."

The girl had just been dreaming her great visions of future power, and this bitterly intruded upon her with her petty weaknesses. Katharine actually smiled upon her as she laid down her book.

"What did you ask, little French rose?" she inquired.

"Ah, now I know you are very good-natured at the bottom," said Adele, "you never call me that when you are out of sorts. Let me, you look very grand to-day; but, your hair, little princess, how will you wear it? That was my question."

"As now," Katharine replied, touching the heavy braids that were plaited in a curious fashion about her head.

"I believe you are right," said Adele, "nothing could be more becoming to you—twist the red and black feathers in it, though."

"I shall; they have a significance which you understand. They are as much my right as the crown belongs to a European queen," she replied, "I am not ashamed to show you what goes the race to which I belong. You are white and the Count's favorite; I am a savage, let them understand that."

"How proud you are of your Indian blood," said Adele, "indeed, you are right."

Katharine forgot her present; she was giving way again to her great fancies, even then weaving vague plans for future success and enjoyment, which in after years she actually kept. In the corner of the letter, so terribly as her mother had wished, was written the last thing connected with her ambition.

"You will be surprised in due time to see," said Adele, pointing to the rich dress that lay upon the bed; "I am glad I have that for you."

Adele moved restlessly about the room in a kind of state of excitement, so uncertain with her, that Katharine felt that something more than the approaching ball was the case, but she waited patiently, certain that if there was any secret, Adele would confide it to her before she left the room.

"We shall have a great many strangers to-night," Adele said; "one gentleman has arrived from Montreal."

"Who is he?" Katharine asked, carelessly.

"A Frenchman—he only lately arrived in New York—he comes to visit papa."

Katharine caught the pale flush upon her face, but could not understand its import.

"What is his name?" she asked. "Do you know him?"

"Gaston de Laguy. I have never seen him—I shall have to go down presently. I know papa will send for me that he may present him."

Katharine wondered a little at the emotion Adele betrayed at the idea of meeting a man who was an entire stranger to her; but, setting it down as one of the childish follies she often had to despise in her, she gave still thought to the circumstance.

"You are bewitching to-day," she said, praising her as she always did when some innocent, child-like word or action on the girl's part excited her contempt. "You will win many hearts to-night."

"You never seem to think of your own beauty."

"I prefer to think of yours," she interrupted; "you are my little sunbeam, you know."

"Dear, dear Kate!" she whispered.

Katharine fumbled her as she would have done a little dog, but what could the innocent creature dream of the scorn concealed in every move, or how fiercely the long, slender fingers tingled to close about her beautiful throat and strangle her?

The seizure was coming upon her so rapidly, that Katharine had to break the spell as she had been forced to do many times before, lest in one of the fits of insensibility which often came over her, she should strangle her lovely victim, and so by a single cut almost deprive herself of the vengeance which she intended more fully to wreak upon her.

She managed to rid herself of her society at last, and went out upon a terrace to escape the confinement of the house which had become insupportable. While she stood there, helpless at the cold, the weird voices in the hall and shrunk out of sight into a recess.

Some one had thrown up a window, and Katharine recognized the voice of one of the young officers attached to the Governor's party.

"That is a noble view, is it not, Gaston?"

"Very fine, but the air is dreadfully piercing to-day."

The voice which answered was the first Katharine recognized as distinct—nothing in its tone struck her with a new creation. It was a frank, forward voice, too, and a good-tempered, amiable person. When she had long seen, and beheld him, the Frenchman, winged to the door in his dressing uniform, and a face of such singular beauty, that it would have looked almost effeminate had it not been for the massive forehead and the determined, spirited expression of his features. He was the stranger she had met near her grandmother's lodge.

"This ball will be a gay affair," said his companion. "You are fortunate, de Laguy, to have arrived from Montreal at this precious time."

"I am curious to see the Governor's fair daughter," he said, "she must be a lovely creature."

"Like a fairy, a sylph! But the other—the half Indian girl—she is beautiful, too—all fire, and proud as Lucifer, but superb!"

"Wonderfully beautiful, they tell me. I suppose she is known ~~as~~—"

"As *la belle Katharine*," returned the other warningly; "people do not speak of her parentage within these walls."

They both laughed, then the stranger said pityingly:

"Poor thing, poor thing!"

The window closed, and Katharine came out of her concealment pale as a ghost, her face looked sad and harluned by the passions to which these last words gave rise. She hurried to her room, turned the door against all intrusion, and gave way to the tempest of which that swept her soul like a tornado.

"Mahaska scorns the pale faces!" she muttered, in her Indian tongue. "Oh, my day shades me! Far and wide across the broad ocean, the name of the Indian white queen shall be known and feared! Were my people not so ignorant, I would lead them to the sea even, I would desolate every land that the white L. knows! I would replenish the ocean with their blood."

After a time her mood changed, she grew gay, giddy in her thoughts, she remembered the young stranger, and the piping words he had spoken, and Katharine was all woman for once.

She recollects that Adele had spoken of him very often; he had come to Quebec to remain—a young French noble, who had left his native land for the sake of travel and adventure.

She would not receive any one in her room for the rest of the day. When night came and it was time to dress, she refused to admit either Adele or her maid.

It was almost time to go down stairs, when she threw open the door and allowed Adele to enter. The girl could not repress an exclamation of astonishment when she looked at her, and she had never dreamed of any thing so gorgeously beautiful as Katharine appeared.

Katharine was tall, above the ordinary height attained by girls of her age, and so full of majestic grace, that even in her shyness she rendered the beauty she seemed to disdain. She was robust, yet in form, but her great beauty lay in the rare purity of complexion rich and mellow as autumn fruit. Her great dark eyes glowed with passionate fire, fairly lighted and seemed to glow the deep crimson of her cheeks and the sparkle of her eyes. No artist had yet been able to change the painter-like grace of her movements, which possessed all the grandness of classic power.

In her heart love was a passion that sprang up to vivid life instead

tangously, as a spark thrown among dry prairie grass leaps into flame while it falls. The very sound of that stranger's voice had thrilled her with a womanly ambition to be beautified in his eyes. Hitherto she had taken little heed to her dress, except to give it a dash of savage wildness; but now it became a subject of wonderful interest. She searched among the dresses that had been so kindly provided for her, and, with marvelous taste, selected one of the antique brocades that make a perfect toilet in themselves. The gown in lace was of crimson, overran by a stupendous pattern that seemed like black lace thrilling down it in festoons, gathered up by bunches of gorgeous flowers, which overran the whole dress, and seemed about ready to bloom out from the rich fabric.

Fine yellow lace, and many a knot of ribbon, accompanied this dress, but Katherine took them carelessly aside. She tried also a head-dress, which might have obscured the purplish brightness of her hair, but she cast that aside with the lace, cast a quick glance through the window, and flung the sash open.

A clump of forest trees were rooted in the terrace upon which the castle stood. Their branches swept the window of Katherine's chamber, and a thrifty vine, just touched by the frost, clung around the scene-work, clinging some of the boughs closer to the wall in its climbing. Katherine gathered handfuls of leaves from both vine and branches; some of these leaves were red, mottled with gold; others green-edged, with vivid crimson; others still burnished with a bright flame color, and these were followed by some of a deep maroon tint, veined with black. As Katherine dragged the branch toward her, and gathered in these variously tated leaves, she wove them into a chaplet, putting the heaviest mass of colors in front. Then, with a single twist of the hand, she wove it among her braids, and was crowned, a lily that might have claim to a crest of the rose, and yet a frosty queen. Thus Katherine stood before Adèle, who came thrilling into the room in a summer cloud of musk, shimmering with a silvery glow under soft, frosty light—musk decked up in a spray of amber hair, in which the light turned golden, and caught like apple-blossoms, made her white appearance a perfect heaven. A more lovely contrast to the prenial, damask creature than could be had in the midst of that sylvan chateau, however could not be had. "My Princess! my Queen! how beautiful you are! Now bat you smile, who could resist you?"

"Aha! so very beautiful!" said Katherine, and the peering eyes gleamed in her cheek. "Tell me, Adèle, am I really what men of your race admire?"

"Indeed, indeed, you are what men of my race admire, my bright Katherine," cried Adèle, clasping her pale hands in the ecstasy of admiration. "Why, what has come over you? This leaves crown you like an imperial diamond. You look born to command!"

"I am born to command," she panted an instant, and then, with a disdainful curve of the lip, added—"Savages!"

"No, no, Katharine, it is in the saloons, that you must reign. Fling off all thought of saving life to-night, or you will lose that lovely smile, and people will be afraid of you."

"Afraid of me! Well, what then?"

"Why then they will not love you."

"Love me—love me—me!"

It seemed a new thought to her. She had thirsted for power, for revenge; but love—could that really ever be hers?

A servant entered and addressed Adele:

"The Governor has sent for you, Mademoiselle."

"Come down, Katharine," she said, "the guests are beginning to arrive."

"It is not for me to receive them," she replied; "go you. I will come presently."

Adele saw that she was in one of her unyielding humors, and left her without urging her farther, fearing that she might grow obstinate, and not appear at all.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE CONFESSOR.

KATHARINE returned to her room and remained there for a time. She had no timidity in regard to society; she simply wished to be late in entering the rooms, that she might attract universal attention, as she was well aware she would do, and thereby trouble the Governor's composure.

There were many beautiful women in the great saloons—ladies of high birth, bred at courts—but it was impossible to compare the dignity and grace of the haughty Indian, as she gazed toward the Governor, where he stood with Adele, her own estimable and exceeding beauty showing to its fullest advantage, so she passed under the blaze of the numberless chandeliers, which filled the saloon with light.

A universal and involuntary murmur of admiration followed her. Adele looked perfectly happy over her success. The Governor's brow clouded for an instant, but he recovered his countenance, and took Katharine's hand.

"You should have been born to be a Queen," he said, "she gave me and Katharine's son. He was a good boy, and I never left him. His eyes was resplendent. And now I come to her beauty. He presented her to several of the guests, so I may hear."

"My gold daughter—Mahaska! the Indian!"

The wild girl fairly delighted the hearts with Adele, for so many sur-

mises and stories concerning her parentage had gone abroad, that people were well to know her. Added to that, her great beauty, and the tales that were told of her fits of reckless daring, made her an object of particular attention.

She talked freely, but not as other women conversed; there was a savage looseness running through her mode of speech, although her French was elegant, and her manners polished as those of the most noble lady in the rooms.

She refused to dance; she had an utter contempt for the languid movements of the saloon but, in every other respect, she was grace and courtesy itself; although she received all the homage offered her as if it had been her right, and indeed no queen could have requited it more gracefully.

She had been conversing with an old General of great celebrity, who was perfectly charmed with her elegance, when, on looking round, she saw Adele gliding through the mazes of a now obsolete dance; her partner was the young stranger whom she had seen on the Island.

She watched them long, and the iron entered her soul as she looked. He was the only man who did not approach her; the evening was almost over before he was presented. But he seemed for a time almost as much under the spell of her wonderful eyes as the men for whose admiration she had taken no heed.

"You must not pay me compliments," she said, with her graceful shyness; "save those for my little friend Adele. Tell me how the ocean looks in a storm—I have been thinking of it all day."

Faithless man of the world as he was, Le Laguy was fairly taken back by her singularity; but she went on talking as she alone could do, flinging down upon him her lightning glances, and fairly dazzling him with the glory of her smiles.

After a time he left her, surrounded by a group of listeners, and found his way back to Adele. Katharine's eyes were watching him.

"Will he live long?" she thought; "will she take that from me too? She is drawing the net about herself—I can see the darkness coming nearer every day."

Katharine's maid and servants had all retired, and when Adele went up to her room she found her lying upon the couch of balsam that served her as a bed. Her face was pale, idly twisting upon her tongue as a string of beads were the Governor had presented her on the occasion of her birth, that was still laid out on the table in her room.

"Has it not been a hard life?" said Adele, flinging herself down on the couch, her dress torn with exertion, and her eyes fairly purple. "I was like a wild tiger, was I not, Katharine?"

"Very fierce," said Adele, "very."

"Is it not sleepy to-night?" said Adele; "my head whirls yet with the dancing."

"Poor little head!" returned Katharine, "it would be better off on its pillow."

"No, no ! I want to talk to you, Kate—you are not sleepy?"

"Not in the least; but I should think you would be tired of talking."

"Oh, I am never tired, you know," Alele said, laughing gayly; "paper's not a working-wrk, you know, such as they have in the Southern colonies—they sing night and day."

Katherine moved restlessly—any allusion to her father's kindness for the girl always excited her.

"Were you pleased tonight?" Alele asked.

"Oh, yes. I liked best of all to watch you, you looked so happy."

"Dear, kind, Katherine!" she exclaimed, "I believe you never think of yourself!"

In the gloom Katherine smiled—her dangerous, subtle smile. Nothing pleased her more than the complete ignorance of everyone concerning her character. She had a fierce pride in thinking that none of those who surrounded her could fathom her mind, or judge differently of her than she chose to allow.

Alele had sunk into thought; she took the necklace from Katherine's hand, and began twining it about her wrist like a bracelet; all the while her color came and went, and her eyes grew misty and soft.

Katherine had begun to watch her after her usual cruddy fashion; she saw the unwanted trouble in her clear face now, and she saw, too, that the emotions which caused it were not unkindly ones.

"What did you wish to tell me?" she asked.

Alele blushed deeply, and turned away her head, as if the great fire, near which they were lying, annoyed her.

"I only said that I wished to talk to you."

"I know it; but you have something to tell. Your face is like a mirror, where one can see at will."

Alele was silent for a few moments; then, with an effort which sent new crimson to her cheeks, she said:

"Did you notice the young stranger?"

"You mean Gaston de Laguy?"

Alele bowed assent; she could not speak just then. Katherine raised herself on the tiers; a sort of oppression was in her heart—she could not breathe freely.

"I have meant to tell you for weeks past, Katherine," she said, "but it is not an easy subject to talk about. My father told me that he was coming; his family was once a powerful one in France. His elegant letters I have all here. They will bear—bear witness to me. Let my father tell you directly when we meet." It was true.

The girl had bent the last word almost lowly; but Katherine could still hear the sudden and painful thoughts of her sister's agony.

A strange picture, which passed like a flash of lightning through her eyes, swept before her.

She seemed to be standing in a forest, surrounded by the chiefs of her nation—she heard the shouts of the savages—she saw the death-fires kindled, and that girl Alele, crouching by her side, was the victim.

"It is a prophecy," she muttered, pressing her hands before her eyes. "Chileli sent it to her child."

"What do you say, Katherine?" asked Able, raising herself. Katherine called back all her calmness and decision again.

"You have taken my breath," she answered; "I say nothing."

"He is very handsome, Kate, is he not?"

"For your sake I will look more closely at him. You will certainly marry him—you love him already."

She bent over the girl, and looked down into her face, until the pale creature shrank from his fiery eyes.

"Nay, this sounds unwomanly," she said, "I have seen him but once."

"Is love a work of time?" demanded Katherine, impatiently. "I tell you it compresses a hundred years into a moment!"

She spoke with a wild recklessness that fascinated Able. The lewy look came back to her eyes—the heavenly smile to her mouth.

"It is very sweet," she murmured, "very sweet." Katherine's lynx ears caught the words.

"Death will be so much the harder," she muttered to herself; "revenge so much the better worth having. My mother's spirit has spoken—I will obey."

All he heard no echo of the words; her heart was full of the sweet music which had wakened in its depths, and no perception of the evil that throbbed in the bosom of her companion cut a single warning tone over its melody.

"So many times I have longed to speak to you of this," murmured Able, after a pause, when Katherine had at attempted to break, "but the words never would come to my lips."

"Were you afraid of me?" she asked.

"Not that; you understand! Don't laugh at me, Kate!"

"I am not laughing, child."

"You know what I mean," continued Able; "it is so difficult to talk of a thing that—I was frightened always when my father mentioned to it."

"You will have no fear now."

"It is a secret, Kate, now I have seen him," she whispered; "but then, it seemed almost unmeaning to talk even to you of a man whom I did not know."

Katherine did not speak; she was watching her always, laying back with her eyes half closed, till it seemed as if spaces of darkness through the long leaves.

"You do not speak, Kate, you wish me rather joy or happiness; but you do not speak?"

"It comes upon me so suddenly; how could I dream of a thing like this?"

"I know—I know, you have always seemed to think me almost a child."

"Not that—but I did not expect a revelation like this."

She stopped a moment; a question was on her lips, but she feared to trust herself with it, lest her will should betray the mingled feelings at her breast. Adele went on with her own thoughts, and, as if Katharine had exercised some singular magnetic influence, a memory which impelled her to answer the question which had troubled upon Katharine's lips as if it had been ready spoken.

"And he—de Lagry—he was so kind, so gentle! I had no fear after the first few moments."

"He loves you, then?" she exclaim'd quickly, "I tell you!" Adele bowed her head still lower, and the crimson rose still stood up to her very forehead.

"He told me that he had dreamed of this boy for years," she whispered, emotion making her voice soft as the notes of an Aeolian harp; "that, in the splendor of the onset or the excitement of battle, he never forgot it. He had seen me once; I was a girl, and he was very young. But he says that my face has hardly changed—he would have known me at the first glance."

Emboldened by her own revelations, Adele went on freely, now that the first embarrassment of speaking was past, and Katharine lay back among her firs, like some wild animal sleeping in its lair. When the young girl at last left her side, she watched her disappear, whispering to herself again:

"Revenge will be sweetest—the better My mother's spirit has spoken!"

Never once during those years had Katharine's mind wavered from the Indian faith, taught by her grandmother. She had obeyed the religious observances at the convent, as she would have complied with any other course of study, but had given them no further thought.

Of course, education had robbed her of many of the superstitions to which her grandmother had taught her to cling; but she rejected nothing that her acute judgment would allow her to do so, and it was wonderful in a woman of her intellect, to see how tenaciously she kept hold of every dark and narrow creed that she was able to force upon her mind.

## CHAPTER IX.

### MAHASKA'S RESOLVE.

SPRING had come. The woods had put on their mantle of tender green; the early flowers were out, and the birds sang in the cool shade of the forest, and the air was balmy and soft.

Life at the castle went peacefully on, but the outward appearance to Adele and Gaston the days passed like a dream in juxtaposition.

The Governor was content in his child's happiness; it was all he asked for now. As far as his own aspirations and aims went, existence was at an end; but it was like retracing a passage in his youth to watch their bliss. The remembrance brought up were painful sometimes, but full of a sweet melancholy, which possessed an inexpressible charm.

The marriage between Able and Gaston de Lagny had been for some time past a settled thing; early in the summer was the time at last named.

Fests and amusements of all sorts were daily occurrences, and Katherine was always to be found among the young and joyous, for Able would not hear of her absenting herself. Indeed, she had become the object of such general admiration, that no party of pleasure would have been considered complete without the Indian maid's presence. Her mixed blood did not seem to prejudice society against her as the Governor had feared it would, and he began to hope that she might even turn the affection of some nobleman, who would take her far away from all contact with her old life.

There had been so much gaiety since the two girls left the convent that he had seen little of Katherine alone, and as far as acquaintance with her real character was concerned, he was as ignorant as if he had been an entire stranger.

He was no longer troubled by her libidinous love or her fits of insane passion, and gradually the estrangement his heart had felt toward her was wearing off. She seemed perfectly content that his affection should be lavished upon Able. There was not the slightest sign of jealousy; she treated her companion like a lady chil, who was to be petted and spoiled to the fullest extent.

But the tempest in her heart was every day growing more violent; surging up with a fury which threatened to break its bonds in spite of the iron self-control with which she had so long bound it down. It was a singular state, but the only person in whom the excited distrust, was the man for whose love she would sacrifice her very soul. De Lagny never spoke of this distrust; it was a vague sentiment which he hardly acknowledged to himself, but he could not drive it away. In spite of her rigorous beauty, her winning manners, she always retained him of a watchful eye, ever ready to spring.

He would not have joined Able after so readily admitting that he was; but it grew so intense every day, and at last to rest by the magic of Katherine's wondrous power over him. At length, it was only that she got sprung up so strongly the instant the spell was removed. He tried to comfort her in vain; had he been wise, he would have avoided her very presence, certain that the irreconcileable mistrust in his heart was at least a sign that the inherent purity of their character would render any true love foolish. Between them impossible. As it was, he frequently took himself under the influence of charms that would have turned the bosom of any man whose heart was disengaged.

Under the influence of her great happiness, Ailele had blossomed into new beauty. To Gaston she looked scarcely human, with her transparent complexion and clear blue eyes, which from childhood had never reflected a thought that was not pure and holy.

Even the melancholy of the Governor's friend died at the sight of that beaming face, and it was now almost definitely arranged that after her marriage he should resign his position and return with the wedded pair to France.

Katherine went on smooth and impetuous as ever. If possible, her beauty every day increased, but her face grew more languid, and except when it was necessary to serve her purpose, her smile less and less frequent.

In secret she visited her grandmother frequently, and, while in the forest, her conduct was so strange, that had any one chanced to have seen her, the reputation she would have gained would have increased.

She practiced shooting with bows and arrows, and with vivid skill her aim was as deadly as that of any chief of her tribe. She could fly past a hawk with the most uttering power, now about, or undertake the most arduous exertions without evincing the slightest fatigue, but no one save the old Indian woman was ever the witness of any of these wild exercises. With that spirit of犷野 instinct of which we have before spoken, and with the weapons ready to possess all through her terrible life, Katherine put the consideration of her own plans narrow and watchful every day, and she lent all her powers to the task, determined to regulate even Destiny itself.

But with all her boldness, her husband the man of the tribe, the savage creature could not conquer her own Indian nature, and loved Gaston de Lancy, and in her heart she was to him almost as hate itself.

In that country she could have no children. Her Indian spirit fire for revenge, she could not share with her grandfather, but her affection for the perfect child made her yearn for the white man, who had sent her white son to her, and with her pain Katherine had suffered greatly during the past weeks, and her strength gave way to her. Another woman must have such a title of the sinking whale she called.

She had but learned de Lancy's feelings toward her. She knew that he loved her, but she had set herself firmly off from him in her own mind, that she could not be in the company of those they called savages, that of savagery, taking of her wife's culture.

Daily she could tell the plot which she was to make them. At the moment arrived, she would spring unexpectedly on the serpent, to which he would reply a parrot her, and the poison her sting would be far more deadly.

No perceptions of her plans layed upon any human being. Even her grandmother did not dream of her love for the young French

man. Katharine understood well the opposition she should meet from her, but she meant to carry out her designs in defiance of every human opposition.

The saw de Liguy was an ambitious man. The thought of ruling over vast savage nations, instructing them in all the arts of civilization which could make them the rivals of the whites in power, had so long been her favorite dream, nay, more than that, her purpose for the future, that she could not understand the idea of any one regarding it with abhorrence, or looking upon it as any thing but a heritage of sovereignty.

To share in her grandeur and these triumphs, was the part she awarded to Gaston de Liguy in her visions, and she believed that when the time came to reveal them to him, his affection for Adele would yield before the glorious power which she could bestow upon him with her love.

She had not forgotten the anger of the Indians which would ensue, but she believed that she could impress upon them that such was the will of the Great Spirit, and they would submit. In short, her powerful will had seized upon the project which her heart had pointed out, and she was determined to fulfil it.

---

Katharine was sitting alone in her chamber that spring day, not even with a book in her hand, only brooding over her dark thoughts, and nursing them into stern determination. She heard Adele's voice in the corridor singing a French song, broken abruptly as she reached the door.

"Is the princess visible?" she called merrily, half opening the door.

"Come in," Katharine said, "do not stand on ceremony with me."

"I have been hunting the castle over for you," she exclaimed, "so hardly will they saw you go down in the courtyard, but here you are measured in your own enchanted chamber."

"Did you need me?"

"Only your society, fair lady; can that be accorded?"

"If you have time to accept it."

"Then I shall sit down," returned Adele; "Papa has closed the room with Gaston, and I was quite lost when I could not find him."

"Is there not some sort of a fete to-night?" Katharine asked.

"What a girl to forget! Certainly there is; but only a small one. I hope it will be pleasant."

"You will not have much longer to enlure the gallants of this dull town," said Katharine.

"Not much longer," replied Adele; "but I have been very happy here."

"Is it decided when you sail?"

"In June," and Adele's face was divided between a smile, and a startled shyness. "I think my father will go with us."

"You will be very happy," said Katharine; "you will live in Paris, and you love gaiety so much."

"You will see as much of it as I," said Adele; you always speak as if you were to be left behind."

"I have never heard the question of my going discussed."

"Believe it is a settled thing; what nonsense!"

"Do they think I am a dog?" thought Katharine, "to be dragged hither and thither as they will?"

But she made no answer, and Adele ran on with her pleasant fancies and hopes, and Katharine listened while all the time her passion was in a mad whirl, and every nerve was strung to its utmost tension to preserve her calmness.

Adele left the room at last, and Katharine was alone. It was still some time before night-fall. She wrapped herself in a cloak and turned to leave the chamber, not even waiting as another woman would have done, to give vent to the fury which really incensed her.

She left the castle by one of the unused staircases, and took her way down to the river. Before the sunset came on she moved her canoe on the bank of the island, and took her way toward her grandmother's lodge. She had no certain knowledge that the old woman was there. Indeed, Ahno sellan remained more than a week on the island, and never saw a white person. Her object in visiting the lonely spot, uninhabited always, save by herself, was to unite Katharine (or Mahaska as the young girl was known to the tribes) more closely to the people for whom it was the Governor's object to sunder her completely.

Frontenac, absorbed by a sorrow which never left him entirely, had no suspicion of the old woman's presence in the neighborhood, nor dreamed that night after night her lodge was the rendezvous of many a warrior or chief, who crept from the forest down the side of the hills, and creeping to the island, built their council-holes beneath the shade of its giant trees.

As Katharine approached the lodge she could see through the wolf's hole, lope'd back from the door, her grandmother sitting at the further end of the room in her usual attitude, so stiff and motionless that there seemed no vitality left in the withered frame and lined face. As the girl's light step scot the threshold, the old woman's black eyes full of fire and evil thoughts, which glowed out with a startling brilliancy from the wrinkled face,

Katharine was in the very heat of her passion and excitement; terror, however, reeded the wild and intent look in her eyes. She was very pale, but her eyes were dangerous now, and her face had assumed into its hartest, most determined expression.

The old woman understood this well, although she did not receive the cause of her excitement. Katharine had already received from her grandmother the love-break which became the crowning vision in her heart. All her ambitious plans regarding the rega-

over the tribes were fully known, and had been carefully fostered by the woman. Month by month the chief's widow had held communication with the Indians, and spent most of her time in making long and arduous journeys among the Six Nations, to increase the interest concerning Katherine, which had grown so strong that the chiefs began to murmur at the delay she made in taking her rightful place among them.

Katherine did not pause at the threshold; the tempest in her soul burst out at once. It had been so long a while there that every fibre of her being was racked beyond the power of endurance.

"Mahaska comes at last, like a young bird returning to its nest," said the old woman, before she could speak, eyeing her keenly all the while, and trying to decipher the strange language written on her face.

"Mahaska wishes to talk with her mother's mother," replied Katherine, standing directly up before the old woman, and fixing her burning eyes full upon her face.

"Let the maiden speak; the chief's widow will listen," returned she, suspecting some evil things, but awaiting with all outward composure. "There were salvages crying in these old ears all last night; what has betid the maiden?"

Katherine burst at once into rapid speech, hoping to carry her grandmother completely along on the tide of her eloquence that the disclosures she had to make would strike with less violent force upon her mind.

"Mahaska is the last of a long line of great chiefs," she began, in a sonorous Indian dialect; "from her birth she was chosen by Great Spirit to work out a mighty destiny for her people. Chief her mother, lived only to bring her into the world for this end - suffered and died that it might be accomplished. Nemano's widow knows this - the tribes believe it as a part of their religion!"

The woman bent her head, and signed her to continue.

"Mahaska has had new wars, new visages," Katherine went rapidly on. "The Indians feel the craft and wisdom of the white. Mahaska is too young to rule entirely alone; there is no chief of the Nations fit to stand by her side in the united sovereignty."

The woman started somewhat from her story - calm, perplexed and troubled, but yet unable to take in the full import of the girl's words.

"It was the will of the prophet that a chief shant share Mahaska's greatness," she said, and Katherine motioned her into silence with an imperious gesture.

"It can never be," she said; "the Great Spirit would be angry."

The old woman half rose to her feet, while a look of fierce horror passed over her face; but, at another sign from Katherine, she sank back in her former position, listening in silence.

"There is at the castle a young prince, who is already a great chief among the whites. He loves the red-man; he is just and wise. Mahaska must be his wife; he must help her rule the Six Nations."

At these words the woman sprang to her feet with a shrill cry. Her features convulsed with emotion; her eyes seemed fairly burning with fire; her lean arm was extended, and her hand shot menacingly at the girl.

"The evil spirit has spoken to Mahaska!" she exclaimed. "Let her close her ears, or she will bring ruin upon herself and disgrace on the name of her forefathers."

Katharine only deepened the haughty fire of her glance.

"Mahaska sees clearly," she answered; "the thing of which the peaks must surely happen."

"Never, never!" groaned the woman. "The tribe would not consent; they would tear out the heart of the pale-face, and give it as a choice morsel to the chief who wedded Mahaska on his wedding day."

"No chief of the Six Nations will wed Mahaska," replied she.

"They will have it so—it has been decreed."

The girl's eyes flashed more fiercely.

"What power have they over Mahaska?" she cried. "How dare they make terms to her?"

"Mahaska belongs to them—she is of their people."

"Mahaska was sent by the Great Spirit; neither the pale-faces nor the red-man can rule her. She must be free; she must govern others. The Manitou has spoken—it shall be so!"

The sun had gone down in a bed of gorgeous clouds; the twilight had begun to fall, and a chill grey settled over the land's aspect. In the lodge it was already dark, and in the room the two women stood, like some youthful queen and a withered sylph holding weird consultation.

"Mahaska mistakes the voice of her own heart for that of the Great Spirit," returned Ahino. "This thing can never be; Mahaska can bring no pale-face to rule among her people—ever!"

"Then Mahaska will never join them!" she exclaimed. "Let them live and die in their ignorance—Mahaska's anger shall blight them! The white men shall drive them out of their wigwams and their hunting-grounds; sickness and famine shall come upon them—they shall become weak slaves of the pale-faces, or creep away like wild beasts, to burrow in the dens and caves of the forest."

She spoke with the fire and passion of a prophetess of old. The woman trembled as she listened; but the shock of hearing that her grand-child was willing to wed one of the hated race had deadened her senses to any other evil.

"Has Mahaska forgotten how another of her race left father's lodge?" she exclaimed.

"Mahaska never forgets! She will have vengeance upon the pale-faces; but she needs help to carry out her plans. The white chief can give it—he has great wisdom. His counsels will teach the red-man how to force the pale-faces out of their land forever."

The old woman shook her head mournfully.

"Mahaska loves the pale-face," she said, in a voice divided between sorrow and scorn.

The rich color shot over Katherine's cheek; her head drooped—a soft smile crept to her lips. For an instant she was womanly again.

"Mahaska is no Indian now," continued the woman, with withering contempt; "the white blood has curdled the savage current at her heart—she is not fit to be the mother of nations. Let her sit alone in her wigwam and weep wan-jum."

The girl started forward with insatiate fury. For an instant it seemed as if she would have pulled the withered crepe to the earth; but she checked the mad impulse, and replied:

"Mahaska will be the greatest sovereign ever known; she will make her people very powerful, but they must heed her voice."

"They will not permit her to bring a pale face into their councils."

"Then Mahaska will not go," she cried. "Tell them so; Mahaska tells them all! They need not look for her coming; but when the storm gathers, and they know that the Manitou is angry with them, let them remember Mahaska and tremble."

She made a movement as if she would rush from the ledge; but the old woman caught her mantle in her shaking grasp.

"Mahaska will not leave her grandmama," she pleaded, no longer daring to exhibit either anger or scorn.

"Then let her grandmother tell her of the plans of the princess," returned Katherine, shaking off her hold. "Let her go among the Nations, and reveal the will of the Great Spirit."

"They won't listen. The old woman's voice is feeble; the chiefs will laugh her to scorn."

"Give them Mahaska's message; let them laugh at her if they dare!" she cried, in her insatiate pride.

"Let Mahaska go, I say! This is the last dream of her girlhood; let her throw it aside—she will be all Indian then!"

"Never!" she exclaimed. "It is destiny—the Manitou wills it. Where Mahaska goes the young white face reigns also. Mahaska has spoken!"

The old woman lost all her fortitude; she pleaded—she reviled. But Katherine stood impassible; the storm could not turn her from her purpose.

"Send to the chiefs," she said, coldly, breaking in on the old woman's impeded speech. "Tell them Mahaska's resolve—let them do as they please. But then beware how they treat her! Mahaska will not be lulled to sleep by the caresses of brutes. If they will wrong her and the white face, Mahaska will avenge her at once; if lost, she shall never see her face again—forevermore."

The old woman sank upon a flat rock, and buried her face in her robe, her hands clenching the cold, hard soil about a twisted tree-stump in the bitter wind. Katherine looked at her, unmoved by her distress, determined to carry out her plans to the letter.

"Will Ahno-miko know the will of Mahaska?" she demanded.  
"Let her speak."

The woman made a repellent gesture, but did not uncover her face.

"Then let the chief's will bid her grandchild farewell forever," exclaimed Katharine; "she shall not meet her either here or in the happy hunting grounds."

The woman sprang up and caught at her dress again, with a cry of anguish; but Katharine wrenched it from her grasp.

"Decide!" she repeated.

The old woman had all her life been accustomed to power; the tribes had paid her the utmost respect. Her daughter, Childe, she had ruled imperiously, even after she came to the Governor's castle, but before the will of that terrible girl she was without strength.

"Ahmo will do her grandchild's bidding," she answered, in a broken voice; "but she must sing her own death-song after. Nemono's widow will die."

"She will live to see Mahaska a great queen, and her people a mighty nation," replied Katharine defiantly.

The old woman shook her head; an expression of absolute despair had taken the place of the hardness and craft which her face had before worn,

"The Nations will not consent," she said; "Mahaska has not power enough to carry out her wishes."

"She has! she will do it! Speak firmly to them; tell them what terrible curses await the tribes if Mahaska refuses to join them, and the only terms upon which she will come!"

"The old woman understands," she replied, slowly.

"Send for the leading chiefs—Mahaska will speak herself."

"Nemono's widow will go among the Nations," she answered; "she must listen to their councils."

"So be it," returned Katharine. "Remember Mahaska's words; her will must be obeyed, or she deserts them forever!"

The old woman shuddered anew at these words.

"Mahaska is mad!" she exclaimed. "She is ill!"

"Mahaska has eyes like a sturgeon, and she is inspired by the Great Spirit," returned the girl.

The old woman spoke no more; she submitted to her fate in passive despair.

"Mahaska must go back," replied Katharine; "to-morrow we will be hero again—wait for her coming."

She turned and went out of the lodge; but the woman took a heed of her departure.

Katharine had thrown off forever the appearance of submissiveness with which she had usually treated her grandchild; but death, like all about her, she too must be her slave. The girl's spirit was rapidly toward the clouds, the sovereignty of which she attained. The night came down—still the old woman sat there, silent and immovable, save when a sudden spasm of pain shook her in every limb, and passing left her rigid and stony as before.

## CHAPTER X.

## MAHASKA SPURNED

KATHARINE hurried down the bank, sprang into her canoe and rowed swiftly down the river. The moon was just coming up behind a pale of peevish clouds; the stars looked down upon her with their pale radiance; the wind among the forest trees whispered drearily along the shore; but, she heeded nothing of the beauty around. Her mind was completely absorbed in the projects so long contemplated.

That very night Gaston de Laguy must learn the mighty future which awaited him. The first blow at Adele's life would be struck.

She reached the castle and escaped to her room unobserved. She dressed herself with unusual care and went down, resplendent with hope and conscious loveliness.

In passing through the grand saloon she looked at herself in the mirror; a thrill of womanly vanity shot up over the wild thoughts that were making riot in her heart. He could never withstand the power of that face; he would yield to her passionate love; her destiny would be complete in love, revenge and power, all hers!

She passed rapidly into a smaller saloon, where she was immediately surrounded by a gay crowd. She was forced to conquer her agitation and appear at ease, though, as the moments swept by, her very heart seemed bursting with expectation; she grew faint with a new-born fear that this man for whom she would have died might, after all, turn from all she had to offer him.

She broke away and wandered about the saloons, unable to be at rest for an instant; the fire which had been so long burning at her heart was at its height; it was all she could do to keep from giving way to the insanity which was upon her. She could not turn her eyes from Adele and Gaston as they danced or sang together, or neglect every occasion, as the gay will, to exchange a word or a glance, when they believed themselves unobserved by these around.

After a time Adele was so occupied with her duties as hostess that no young man could not get near her. He wandered out of the saloons down into a flower garden that was already hastening into blossom on the terrace. The moonlight lay rich and beautiful upon the green sward and fragrant flowers, shadows from the grim old castle clinging and there reposing them, dashed with the silver rays of the moonbeams, that seemed striving to wash out their gloom.

It was a lovely spot, quiet as a corner of Paradise. Katharine watched him depart and, seeking her opportunity, she too left the house and gained the garden by an opposite path to the one which he had taken.

Gaston was walking slowly along, meditating upon the happiness to soon to be his, when, in a sudden turn of the walk, he came upon Katharine.

She did not appear to heed his approach, she was leaning against a stone pillar set up to support a vase that held some plant whose bright green leaves cast their shadow at her feet. The moonlight fell full upon her face and rich garments, as she stood there like some beautiful statue. Never had Gaston been more struck with her beauty. He could see how tumultuously the red in her cheek came and went, but the repulsion which he had always felt toward her increased as he gazed. He could not have told why, but he had vague dread of the girl—he never saw Ailele caress her without longing to pull her away with the horror he would have felt if he had seen her thrust herself near a panther.

Even then, beautiful as she was, he would have turned and walked away if he could have done so unperceived, but while he was wondering if it could be possible, Katharine looked up, her eyes gleaming with an unearthly expression in the moonlight.

"Are you not afraid of the night air?" he asked coldly.

"You forget that I belong of right to the forest," she replied; "I do not need so much tending as your pale ladies."

Her voice was so soft and full of music that it interested Gaston in spite of himself—when she chose, it had caresses which no man could have resisted.

"You ought to see one of our American forests by moonlight," she went on, fully conscious of the effect which her voice was having upon him, "it would be worth a voyage across the great sea." She hurried on with a vivid description of scenes that she had witnessed and, carried away by her own eloquence, spoke with a gaiety and power he had never heard equaled.

"How much you love the wild woods," he said, wonderingly, when she had finished.

"And so would you," she answered; "you are not gay and floridous like the other men who crowd this castle—you have a soul that ought to lead you to great triumphs. The woman who loves you should be able to understand your dreams and hopes—to stand beside by side with you in trouble or danger, she should be your wife."

He started a little, but Katharine was so eager in her words that she did not heed it.

"I fear my little Ailele could hardly do that," he answered, "I don't think she is either daring or ambitious."

That name brought into the conversation irritated Katharine—the crowned black as midnight.

"But your wife should be both," she exclaimed quickly.

"Thanks," he said laughing; "but, I think Mahaska suits me better than my character."

"Could you not love an ambitious woman?" she asked, with her great earnest eyes full upon his face.

"Nay, not having tried I am poorly prepared to answer your question," he returned, in the same trilling tone, which she was too much excited to observe, as she wou'd have done at another time.

"If a woman like the one I describe did love you," she hurried on, "if you knew it—felt it—would not your heart turn toward her with a passion that it had never yet experienced?"

"I love already," he said, "there could be no room in my breast for any other feeling—my betrothed wife finds it thoroughly."

"Love!" repeated Katherine; "you do not yet know the meaning of the word. No pale, weak girl, like Alice, could inspire it in your heart. You mistake friendship for affection; the feeling such as one has toward a helpless child, for the grand, glorious passion, love." Her face glowed, her eyes seeming to dart scintillations of flame upon the young man. "Love hurts, love burns, love will have all or nothing; every breath, every thought—no, no, you do not yet know what it is to love. It is a thing born of the wilderness; it belongs to free love, yet grasps at power; this is the love I am talking of."

Many men would have been bewitched and entranced by that sublimely creature, as she lured on in her passion, but Gaston de Lucy had a soul almost womanish in its purity; he had been taught to love Alice almost from boyhood, and now there was no possibility of a shadow of change in his feelings; besides that, as he looked at Katherine the old repulsion came up stronger than ever, though he was too free from baser vanity to think whether her conversation was leading.

She noticed his silence, astute and keen as she was in her perceptions; for the only time in her life her heart was throbbed by her jilt, yet she knew her spell had begun to work. She believed that Gaston was overwhelmed by the fascination of her looks and language.

"Do you remember the first time we met?" she almost whispered, in a tone so rich and full of music that it would have been treasonable to repeat it any human being; but Gaston's anti-sophy was so strong that he only shuddered, fancying that he could hear a serpent hiss under the soft tones. "Do you remember our meeting? Katherine has never forgotten it; she had a premonition then of the future—that vision was a prophecy. Before us two is greatness and dominion—the sovereignty which kings bestow."

In her excitement she unconsciously fared her sentences in the manner she used when speaking her Indian dialect. Slight as the language was, it affected her listener impressively.

"What was this vision?" he asked, quietly.

Katherine turned her eyes full upon him—those bright eyes that were wet with tears and blushed white straight—but her glance fell powerless upon the honest heart she wou'd have died to win.

"I am a princess among the Indians," she continued, rapidly—"the hour that I consent to go among them I shall become a boor

sign as powerful as your own haughty monarch of France; my sway will be absolute, unquestioned, for it holds soil and body in its grasp. Not an Indian among the Six Nations but will be my slave. It would be a grand destiny to make those people great and potent —to teach them the arts of civilization—to make them the equals of people across the sea—to dislodge all foreign power, and build up an empire proud and powerful as those of the old world. Gaston, Gaston, will you accept this greatness?"

Gaston stood silent and confounded; he began to believe the girl insane, and listened with a feeling of pity for what seemed to him the ravings of partial madness.

"Speak!" she cried. "Would not that be a destiny worthy of the proudest man alive? Does not the idea of such dominion stir your heart, as trumpets in full blast kindle war steels with a thirst for battle?"

"I see only the impossibility," he replied, coldly and sternly.

"That is because you have not considered—because you do not understand. I tell you that the Indians believe that I am the gift of the Great Spirit; they will obey me as a prophetess; body and soul every human being in the Nations will belong to me. Nor will my power stop there. Think how far and wide I might extend it. These Nations once skilled in civilized arts would subjugate every tribe upon this continent, until an empire could be built up that would extend from sea to sea—an empire that shall defy the white robbers that have trampled us down."

"And do you really dream of these things?" he demanded, in wonder. "Is it possible that these are your hopes and thoughts?"

"They are possibilities," she exclaimed, mistaking the feeling which had prompted the question, and believing that he had fully lent to the great object she held out. "Every one of them shall be realized."

"Think how impossible for a woman!"

"Not for Katharine," she interrupted; "not for the men who loves her. Could you once see her among the Indians, you would understand her great ardence. It is rooted deep in their religion; no power could ever weaken or tear it out."

"This is madness. How, I pray, did such wild thoughts find strength in this young heart? These projects—can it be that you have been dreaming of them all these years?"

"They have made up my life, and will be realities. Not one but shall be fulfilled. Even now everything is ready; the Indians wait my arrival with anxiety; every week brings me tidings of their anxiety to have me among them. They want a leader."

"And you will go?"

"Is not power a great thing?" she demand. "Does it not make your heart throb to think of such a grand dominion?"

"Power!" he repeated. "Yes, it would be great power."

"But Katharine's heart would be lonely without some one who

could fully understand her plans and aspirations. The Indians would be only her slaves. She needs a companion—one whose power should be made equal to her own, who could stand by her side with her in his authority."

A perception of her meaning had gradually dawned on the heart of the young chief, but it only troubled him with deeper affection. Looking out the sash of pity he had a few moments before felt for what he deemed the traces of parental malice.

"Answer," she said, and a thrill of deep tenderness ran through her voice. "Can you not understand this? Can not your heart complete the vision?"

"No Indian could thus call you," he said, hesitatingly. "No chief is educated as you have been."

"No, no," she exclaimed, impatiently; "have I not told you those savages are only my slaves? I must have a companion who shall be my *epid*; one whom I can trust and honor, whom I can love. Ah, great Manitou, how I could love him!"

She paused. Her hands were clasped, her lips trembled, the fire of her eyes was visible under the thick brows.

"Not the love of a weak girl," she went on, "not a clinging affection which has neither prestige nor strength—a love intense as hate and strong as death, a clinging power and dominion only to share it with the one beloved. Gaston de Legay, will not love like this satisfy my man? Does it not make you forget the poor dreams of happiness you have been weaving here? Speak to me—speak to me I can say no more."

She stepped, leaning slightly forward, and waiting in breathless silence for her answer. He still clung to the belief that her question had no personal connection with himself, and he answered, coolly:

"If a man had a heart to give, such proud dreams might charm him; but, after all, I don't think he would be more happy than I shall be in the bosom of my wife—of my little Alice."

For instant Katharine shuddered like a mother about to spring; her hand clasped at some strong, great, fatal issue; so that instant Gaston de Legay was nearer to his death than he had ever been, even in the heat of battle.

There was a footstep nearer; Katharine and de Legay started simultaneously.

Katharine drew back; his cold words had revealed to her a sight of malignant intent, the preparation on which she stood. In that instant the wild fire in her heart kindled into hate—more fierce than she had ever before felt—it was kindled prudily, her soul concentrated in one scornful glance.

"Go," she exclaims, "I want to walk alone."

He moved with the slow, weary gait of one who is half dead, and went away, the fire still was said. All, and none, will know as he taught her, no word of his would ever betray the confidence she has imposed on him.

Left to herself, Katherine dashed up and down the winding paths of the garden, panting for breath and striving to cool the fever in her veins.

"He spurns and despises me—me!" she exclaimed. "Gaston de Lagay, you have sealed your death warrant as well as hers. Power, power, there is vengeance in it, if not love!"

She pushed her hair back from her forehead, to let the cool breeze blow over her burning temples. In the stillness, she could hear distinctly the labored pulsations of her heart.

"I believe I have been mad! I did think he might care for me! Am I growing feeble? Am I a love sick girl? No, no! Here forth, I am, indeed, Mahaska, the Avenger! Tremble, every wretched one of you all, you shall have need of aid at that name! I will make it a word of terror that shall blanch your cheeks to hear. The last link that bound me to that hateful crew is broken; I will leave those cities forever, but I will leave behind me that which shall be the beginning of a new life."

She turned abruptly and walked toward the house, unconscious that her rich garments were wet and stained with dew; she had no room for womanly thoughts then.

Late in the evening, Alele and Gaston de Lagay were standing in a small room off one of the great saloons; they had approached the window seat, and the heavy draperies fell fantastically around them, as they stood looking out on the calm loveliness of the night.

A still form glided into the room, and stood unperceived among the shadows; it was Katherine, watching and alert.

"I hope she will not go, Alele," Gaston was saying; "I can give no reason, but I dread that girl; I always told us it some wild animal of the forest were near me, when she approaches."

"Fie, fie!" Alele answered. "My queenly Katherine! You shall not speak so of her—you must learn to love her, or I will not love you."

"I can not overcome this aversion," he answered.

"She is wild, and strange, and proud, but remember it is her Indian blood that makes her so."

"It is that which I so thoroughly detest," exclaimed Gaston. "I loathe these savages more every day. The moment she gets excited, she looks more like an Indian than any thing else."

"You are unjust; I do not like to hear you speak so. I have loved Katherine truly, for years; I might have loved her better, if she would have permitted it; but she is very dear to me."

"Then I must talk of sending her," returned Gaston; "Please let her go. It is impossible to force myself to do so."

Out of doors she left the pale light, passing through the long corridors, until she reached the solitude of her bower.

"I am rightly punished," she muttered, "even as Mahaska! I ought to have torn my heart out weeks since, rather than have given way to this madness, but it is past now! Ay, I am a wild animal

of the woods, Gaston de Laguy ! Beware of my spring ! She dares to plead my cause—that puny babe ! Oh, let me wait—wait still a little longer—the end is near !”

---

## CHAPTER XI

## THE CAST OF THE DIE

The grey dawn was breaking over Quebec. The first gleams of sunlight had lit up to tinge river and forest, as Katharine rowed her canoe again toward the island.

She had not been in bed that night; not once had sleep approached her eyelids. She had sat in her room, dreaming neither of love or power, but of such humiliation as a woman never forgives. For the time she could only hear the one voice in her soul, which called loudly for vengeance on those who had so wounded her pride.

Again she sprang from her grandmother's lodge, which the night before she had quitted with such hasty exultation, determined to carry out her own passionate desires, in spite of the wishes and opposition of the Indian tribes. In those few hours, the whole current of her life had changed.

She absently lived years and years older in the cold morning light; her face was ghastly pale; her lips parched and hot with fever. Her mouth had received a wound which burned out the last trace of womanly feeling forever. Her career among the whites was ended. She had nothing to do now but leave the bower of her revenge behind; then she would give herself wholly up to the new life which awaited her.

She must act speedily and with decision. Even in the mallest whirl of her passion she could think clearly, could lay her plans with the most unerring precision. The white heat of her passion left the brain cool.

The old Indian woman was still just where Katharine had left her the morning before. She had only risen at intervals to replenish the coals which she tended and roared in the rude chimney, took crept back to her old attitude, so full of desolation and despair.

Katharine's words had caused the only hope which remained her to die. For years she had lived upon the thought of the man whom she loved; her grand-birth she had dreamt of, night and day, of the person son to be hers, and now every hope had been crushed to the earth by the one mad passion of a heart which had proved as weak as that of any woman among the pale faces.

Katharine swept back the heavy furs and entered the lodge. The old woman knew her step; but no thrill of expectancy lighted up her

dreary hopelessness. She supposed that the girl had only come to urge more impiously the fulfillment of her wishes, and felt too weak and broken for further contest.

Katharine stood for a moment looking at her in silence, then she said slowly :

" Let my grandmother arise—Mahaska will speak with her."

The old woman drew nearer the fire, looking pale and worn.

" Let Mahaska speak—Nemano's widow can struggle no more. She is old and weary, like a pine whose branches are broken off by heavy storms, she only longs now to creep into her grave and leave herself."

" Peace," returned Katharine; " my grandmother shall live long. Mahaska comes to put new life in her veins."

The old woman shook her head sadly.

" Mahaska comes now to talk of hate—she tramples love under her feet," she exclaimed in a terrible voice. " To swear vengeance against the white race—to ask Ahmo's soul to curse and crush them."

The woman uttered a cry of joy and sprung upright; her frame seemed to recover its former strength; her eyes lit up with new brightness and vitality.

" Mahaska's words are music," she cried; " they bring new life to Ahmo's soul."

Katherine did not change under this chaffing of joyful surprise. She stood there, cold and terrible, as some evil spirit awaiting the moment to act.

" The weak dream is gone forever," continued the old woman, " Mahaska no longer wishes to bring a stranger to rule among her people."

Katherine turned upon her with suppressed fury.

" The old woman has slept, and the dream spirit whispered foolish things in her ears," she hissed; " let her wake, and think no more of those ravings."

The woman bowed submissively; how far she must yield her own will where Katherine was concerned; but she submitted willingly; her whole heart was now absorbed by the joy which her words had brought to her heart.

" Let Mahaska speak—what does she wish?"

Katherine knotted her hands behind her under the long sleeves of her robe; her mouth set in more firmly than its look of languid beauty; that was all the change.

" Does my grandmother remember the pale-faced girl in the Governor's house?" she asked. " The one I thought I never saw again—I might know her even with the time gone."

" She has not forgotten?"

" The death-class of the girl shall be music for Mahaska—the must die."

The woman nodded.

" The old woman's hand has not grown feeble—she can still mix the poison which drank the life of the pale girl's mother."

"No, no," interrupted Katherine, impatiently; "that is not what Mahaska wishes. Such a death would be too speedy and swift."

"Let Mahaska speak."

"The girl must be taken from the castle, carried into the forest; Mahaska will sing a song of triumph before her death-pyre—the spirit of Chileli will be appeased."

"But the red-men are at peace with the Governor chief?"—"

"Fush! what need to bring trouble by the act? It matters not if they want war let them have it! Mahaska will lead her people."

"Will Mahaska go now?" demanded the woman.

"The day that sees that girl a prisoner Mahaska will follow her people into the forest, to abide with them forever."

The old spraw uttered an exclamation of joy, but Katherine stood cold and impassive as before.

"Can this thing be done?" she asked.

"Let the old woman think! We must be cautious; the pale-faces are strong."

"Mahaska will not be put off with vain words and idle talk. This pale-faced girl must be here, for life or death!"

"It is well, Mahaska shall be obeyed."

"But when—when? Every moment is an age."

"Revenge can wait," returned the woman; "slow and sure, is safety."

"Swift and deadly," exclaimed Katherine; "silent and terrible—that shall be Mahaska's way of seeking it."

"The tribe shall be warned," said the woman after a pause. "The whole Nations must meet together to greet Mahaska as their queen."

"First my revenge," she hissed. "I will hear of no triumph, no rejoicing until this white-faced girl is taken from beneath my father's roof and hurled among the savages I am to rule."

"The young chief G-sa-gwa-tch will be here," said the old woman suddenly. "Mahaska can talk with him of the thing she desires."

"If I am not ailed now I will never join the tribe," exclaimed the girl; "if they thwart me I will seek out other nations and take my wisdom and all that the great Manitou has given me to them."

"Mahaska will never forsake the people of her nation," informed the old woman, shaking by her words, "if she did the Great Manitou would take all her power from her."

"Let them say my wages, then," she cried, "or I cannot answer for what I may do!"

"Mahaska shall be a queen among her people," said the woman; "the pale-faces shall listen to her words as messages from the Manitou himself."

"It is well," she said impatiently; "let it be so."

"But they ask one thing," continued the old woman. "Mahaska must grant that."

She turned haughtily.

"Do they dare to make conditions?"

"She must accept a husband from among her own people. Nez-no's line must not perish with a woman."

"I have told you, old woman, never to address these words to me," the said, frowning; "Mahaska is angry."

"That she *must* bear! her grandmother knows the chief better than the maiden does! If Mahaska consents to this, she will be made a queen; it will be the last time her will can be despised. But the chiefs are firm—long ago it was revealed to their great prophet, who is dead, that Mahaska was to do this."

The girl shuddered—this thought was terrible to her, but with her usual decision she looked at the matter full and steadily up to every side. Could she conquer her repugnance to the idea of a marriage with one of the unlettered savages she meant to rule!

"It is a part of their religion," continued the woman; "it was the last word the prophet spoke. Ahmo knows the people; they will never yield there."

"And have they chosen my husband?" she demanded.

"The chiefs look with favor upon Gi-en-gwa-tah, the young chief of the Senecas; but Mahaska can choose. He is young, a great brave, straight as a young pine and full of wise thoughts."

Katharine sat down and for some moments gave way to bitter reflection. The old squaw did not intrude upon her; she sat curled up among her furs, cautiously watching the girl with crafty patience.

"I hear a step," she said, "the young brave is coming."

The wolf-skins were thrown back as she spoke and the chief entered the ledge. His eyes kindled when they fell upon Katharine, and a smile brightened his stern mouth.

"Gi-en-gwa-tah feels that it is indeed spring," he said, "he sees the cherry blossoms now."

"Mahaska is no child," she answered, "to be pleased with vain words. Why is Gi-en-gwa-tah here?"

"Has not Ahmo told the maiden? The chiefs sent him to hell counseled with her that she might fulfill their wishes to Mahaska."

She did not speak. The struggle in her mind was still on. She knew how the memory of the prophet was revered among the savages of the whole Six Nations, and felt that she had no right to obey his dying command or give up all the rights of her race and power.

The last gentle remonstrance of woman. Katharine could not bear during that stern self-command, and when she turned again her face was hard as iron.

"Ahmo will tell the chief what Mahaska wishes done before she joins her people," she said, and, rising, went out of the ledge into the forest.

There she stood looking straight before her, cold and stern as a

Nemesis, meditating upon her fate. It was no struggle for her to forsake the elegancies and luxuries of civilized life. All that was necessary to her she could have about her in the forest—she longed to be rid of such a cumbersome; but the look of swelling the dusky chief struck her pliant heart with abhorrence. Then she remembered the old's late dominion that would be hers, the vengeance she could wreak upon the hated race and forget her repulsion—forget everything but a burning desire for power and revenge—Katharine's resolution was taken.

"Ah-no! Ah-no call her name and I moved back toward the ledge. As far as I could see, the young chief came out to meet her, his face stern with suppressed emotion.

"Gi-en-gwa-tah will obey the maiden's wishes," he said.

"It is well," she replied.

"Let her be secret and wary; the nations are at peace with this land."

"It matters not," she interrupted; "this thing must be as Mahaska wishes."

"Let Mahaska speak; the chief will listen! When the day comes that she sends him this eagle's plume, he will know the hour is at hand, he will obey her."

He took an eagle's feather from his hair and handed it to her. She twisted it among the coronet of feathers which she wore, white a sullen joy lighted up the Indian's face as he looked. Ahno came forward and whispered in a tone that was audible to him:

"Mahaska remembers that if this thing is done she promises to obey the command of the great prophet!"

The chief leaned eagerly forward to catch her answer, and, after one last struggle, she said:

"When Mahaska's will is accomplished let the chief who has obeyed her words claim his reward."

Not all the stoicism of his nature could keep back the evidences of delight with which the young brave listened to her answer. He was a splendid specimen of manly beauty, as he stood there with his powerful frame agitated by the new emotions that thrilled through it; but Katharine's eyes were far off, she saw only the future, full of power and terror, to which she was hastening forward.

"Ah-no is content," said the woman; "she is waiting for his hour."

Katharine started at her words, cast one half-lidded glance upon the chief's face, her great eyes, and said slowly:

"Let Gi-en-gwa-tah remember!"

She made a parting gesture with her hand, and, with that mute farewell, turned back among the war-lags of the forest, while the aged woman and the chief stood watching her until her lithe form had disappeared.

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE TIGRESS SHOWS HER FANGS

One pleasant afternoon the two young girls and Gaston, accompanied by a single servant, rode forth on horseback, and took the forest path which led to Montmorency Falls. They had not set forth with the intention of going there, but scarcely were they mounted when Katharine began talking of a rise in the water which would give fresh grandeur to the cataract, and Adele exclaimed, with genuine impulsiveness :

"Oh, let us ride there. I should rather go as we are than with a party."

Gaston consented with a smile. His young mistress' wishes were his at all times, and perhaps nothing cheered him more than the entire freedom from etiquette which existed among them when they broke away from the formalities of the castle.

"Katharine can pioneer us better than any guide," said Adele. "She knows every foot of ground about the falls."

"But do you go to such solitary places with no attendants?" he asked.

"Oh, it is much pleasanter to have no one but old Martin," said Adele.

"Is Monsieur fearful?" asked Katharine, with a sneer.

"It is that I am not accustomed to seeing ladies of Mademoiselle Adele's station make such expeditious unattended," he replied, coldly.

Katharine bit her lips at the slight emphasis laid upon her companion's name, and Adele added quickly :

"Ah, but we are not in France, remember, we are in America, and we can be as wild as we please. I have set my heart on going, Monsieur Gaston; I must not be disappointed. I am sure there are no Indians about but those at peace with the French, so there is nothing to fear."

They rode swiftly on, laughing and conversing gayly, and Katharine was actually the merriest of the party. De Liray had never seen her in such spirits, and looked at her in surprise. But the bright, dark face revealed only pleasurable emotions. She seemed to give herself up to the gaiety of the hour with as complete an abandon as Adele herself.

She was perfectly acquainted with the road, and showed them an Indian path passable with horses which would shorten their ride considerably.

At last they came within hearing of the cataract, and Katharine said :

" We had better leave the horses here. Martin can stay and watch them. It is only a little way now."

Gaston felt a vague unwillingness in the whole expedition. It was so contrary to his habits, even to his ideas of propriety, and, more than all, he could not feel that his beautiful treasure was safe in that gloomy forest. Even then he could have urged their return, had he not feared a misinterpretation of his motives.

He sprang off his horse, and assisted the ladies to dismount. They fastened up their long riding-skirts, and Katherine took the lead to show them the path, amid so much laughter and jesting that Gaston forgot his uneasiness, and was soon as gay as the rest.

A plunge still deeper into the ravines of the forest, a height gained, and they stood almost upon the brink of the cascade, having come upon it with a suddenness that was almost startling.

It was a scene of wonderful grandeur, not the less so because the forests were losing the first flush of their autumn tints, and some of the giant oak trees were almost lifeless, and sometimes threw their weird arms toward the sky, as if pleading against the cold winter that threatened them. Many of these denuded trees clustered around the falls, and appeared to shiver under the baptism of spray that seemed to laugh among the last leaves that fell from their branches.

But the air was hailing and clear as crystal upon the heights where they stood, though the soft haze of a late Indian summer floated around Orleans Island, that lay in the river at their feet, and still kept the mellow gorgeness of its foliage in full glow.

Katharine looked keenly in the direction of her grandmother's house, and recognized, with a cruel flash of the eye, a streamer of reflected light from one of the elms that overshadowed the rude dwelling. Content with this signal, which no one observed but herself, she turned upon her companions with a wild outburst of gaiety more brilliant than any thing she had exhibited that day.

" Are you not repaid for coming? " she asked, addressing Gaston. " Did you ever see a more beautiful spectacle? "

" Dear! indeed," he answered, with a sort of awe, the poetry, which made the understanding of his nature, fully roused by the scene,

" and like a sign of wild beasts or savages," Katherine said.

He laughed gayly.

" Ah, Mademoiselle, if you ever possess a treasure precious as mine, you will guard it as carefully as I do."

The glance exchanged between the pair roused the fire still stronger in the woman's soul. She turned away and left them to themselves. For a time they forgot her absence in the earnest conversation of which lovers never weary.

Suddenly above the roar of the cataract they recognized her voice.

" Where can she be? " cried Adele, in terror. " She may be hurt, she is so reckless. Run, Gaston, make haste."

They hurried in the direction of the voice, and coming out upon a ravine above the falls, looked over it, for again from its depths they heard her distinctly crying out. They looked down the rugged sides, and far below, clinging to the bushes, beheld her in a position so dangerous that Adele shranked with terror.

"There is no danger," Katharine cried, her clear voice audible above the deadened roar of the cascade. "I have hurt my foot. Can you reach me a shawl on a stick?"

They tried to obey her, but the distance was too great.

"I must go down the rocks and help her," Gaston said.

Adele did not attempt to prevent him, although her cheek grew white as snow, and she trembled violently.

"Be careful," she said, with a dry sob; "oh, be careful, and may the Virgin protect you."

She gave one look as he plunged over the rocks, then fell upon the ground, and buried her face in her hands, unable to bear the sight of what appeared to her his imminent peril.

In truth, the way was less dangerous than it appeared. There were many crevices in the rocks that afforded some hold, and the bushes and bent trees gave ample support. To Katharine it was an easy path, and she watched with undisguised scorn the care and difficulty with which the young man made his way down the steep.

He got near enough, so that he could lean against a tree and hold his hand within her reach.

"Pray come quickly," he said; Adele is frightened to death."

Katharine sprang to her feet with a mocking laugh.

"And Monsieur is not frightened any?"

"I am a poor mountaineer," he said. "I confess I prefer other expeditions to this."

At that moment a cry sounded from above that blushed Gaston's cheek, and sent the wild fire more hotly to the girl's black eyes.

"It is Adele," he said. "I pray you come; she is frantic with terror."

"Perhaps she has seen a wild beast or a savage! How dreadful!" exclaimed Katharine.

At those words Gaston turned and fled up the rocks, wild with apprehension, and, with another wicked laugh, Katharine sprang boldly up in another and steeper direction.

She gained the summit almost before Gaston, and as he reached it, he saw her pointing wildly toward the forest, while another cry, fainter and indistinct, ran through the trees. He looked, and saw Adele disappearing in a wild part of the forest, carried in the arms of an Indian.

The young man sprang forward with a frenzied cry, but after a hundred steps lost his way completely, and could only return. He saw Katharine standing on the bank of the falls, with the same smile on her lips.

"Devil," he cried, in his insanity, "you have done this! You shall be torn limb from limb."

"Monsieur likes feeble women," she said; "he knows now how sweet it is to suffer."

She hurried off through the woods, mounted her horse, and rode swiftly away.

With all the speed that his horse could make, the frenzied young noble and the frightened groom sped along the road, which the party had traversed but a few hours before with such reckless cheerfulness.

It is impossible to put such emotions as de Lagny experienced into words; the highest-wrought expressions fall so far short of expressing like his, that we shrink helplessly from the task.

But when they reached the city, the wretched young man was spared the pains of breaking the tidings to the miserable father, although he was met at the castle gate with a new tale of horror, which added to his pain.

The Governor had been seized with an apoplectic attack, and the physician was in despair of his life.

De Lagny sought one of the chief officers, and told his fearful news. Preparations for a vigorous pursuit were at once made, although the officer was inclined to believe it the work of some single savage who had probably become fascinated with the girl, and had taken opportunity to carry her off.

"I know not why," exclaimed de Lagny, "but I can not help fearing as if that dreadful Indian half-breed were at the bottom of the thing."

"Who, Mademoiselle Katharine? Oh, impossible. Where is she, by the way?"

"In the castle, I suppose; she rode off alone."

"More likely gone to the Indians. Be of good cheer, Monsieur. Go to the Governor's chamber; see that this news is kept from him. By the time you return I will have a party ready to start."

Within an hour they were under way, and in the excitement of expectation, de Lagny lost at least a portion of his misery.

That night, while the Governor lay on his bed in the half-consciousness to which he had been aroused, Katharine, the Indian girl, presented herself in the chamber, having entered the castle by some method known to herself alone. Only one attendant was sitting by Frontenac at the time, an old man who knew Katharine's real history, and had always been full of sympathy and affection for her.

She sprang into the room lightly, and touched his shoulder.

"Is he asleep, Pierre?" she whispered.

"I think so; but you can not tell, he lies that way so much of the time."

He looked at her in astonishment, for she still wore her riding-habit, and it was stained with dew and tangled with burs, as if she had walked a long distance.

"Mademoiselle, too, has been searching for the young lady?" he said.

"Yes, yes, of course! But see, he stirs."

Pierre looked about for some medicine which should have been there, but could not find it.

"If he might ask Mademoiselle to stay there while he made his way to the horsekeeper's room—"

"Yes; so, so?" said Katherine, with the same vivacity. "I will stay here."

When the sound of his footsteps had died away, she went up to the bed, took aside the draperies, and laid her hand roughly upon the sleeper's shoulder.

"Awake!" she cried, in the Indian tongue, with which he was perfectly familiar; "awake, I say."

He started violently, and opened his eyes with a start. scarcely recognizing the face that bent over him, it was so changed by the terrible passion of the moment.

"Why are you sleeping here?" she demanded; "knows not the white Governor what has happened?"

"Katherine!" he said, speaking with all gravity, "Katherine."

"My name is Malaska. Look at me, man. I am the Aztec! Ay, I am the daughter of her you once murdered! You have given me my poison and hastling instead of love—me, her child, you have made a thing for the pale faces to laugh at. Let you forget that I was na Indian, and would be avenged!"

He shrank from her touch, unable to decide whether the scene was real, or the effect of his disordered brain.

"You brought a fair wife to me in these walls. Did you think that she could stay? Old Ahmo, my grandfather, mingled the drink that gave her to the death-sleep—do you hear? Did you know it?"

He started up with a low cry, putting out his hand as if to shut her from his sight; but she went on pitilessly.

"You thrust Malaska from your heart, and put the white woman's child there, but the strange bird that took my nest is lost. If you will find the creature you will be better, search the forest, and in the wilds where it has fled. This is a mother; you will see her no more. I, your wronged child, tell you this."

The scene was silent now, with a faint cry, "Katherine," coming from the distance. Her name fell from the lips.

When the servant entered the chamber was still silent, though the girl of the south, uttering mournful wails, still sat at the foot of the bed, clinging to his hand. He turned gradually, and called for assistance.

"My child, my child!" was all the angry man could articulate, when the physician entered.

They could not divert his mind from that subject, until at last they were forced to tell him that she was not in the castle.

"It was true, then—she is murdered!"

With another agonized cry he sank back upon the bed in terror.

convulsions, and before the next day closed, Count Frontenac, the Governor of Canada, lay cold as marble in the state chamber of the castle.

---

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE CAPTIVITY.

All that afternoon the hapless Adele was borne swiftly through the forest by her Indian captors, who answered neither her entreaties or demands, but hurried through the trackless recesses of the wilderness with untiring strength.

After a time, and as night began to close in, her despair sunk to a sort of dumb apathy. She ceased to weep—to cry out; her eyes no longer wandered about the forest, in the wild hope that she should see Gaston hastening to her rescue. She ceased to have any such expectation—she was lost.

With night came they reached a sort of encampment, where Adele could discover that a considerable body of savages were encamped. The flames from their fire rose up red and clear in the evening air; but a sadness pervaded the place, which was more terrible to Adele than the bush of the forest had been.

She was taken into a wigwam, where she found a bed of balsam prepared for her accommodation. They brought her corn cake and water, but she was too thoroughly exhausted by fear and suffering to taste a morsel, and threw herself upon her rude couch, with a seeming effort to forget in sleep this horrible trouble which had come upon her.

But it was long before Kinkler visited her eyelids. She would fall into a fit, and waken with a cry from a dream that she was once more at home, to hear the night wind moaning among the pines, and the low murmurings of the savages as they sat grouped around their camp-fires.

The sun had scarcely risen, the cause for which she had been wakened. Her first thought was that they were about to put her to death, and she fell back upon her bed to moan out one last groan for help in her hour of peril. But no groans appeared; the savages were silent, and, after the first short shout as just past, the day still and silent, while at every instant the sun appeared to close its parasol.

Then it seemed to her that the clouds she had seen were those of joy, and to hear if by chance any of the words which Katherine had taught her were used, that the night gave the faint tides of comfort that was going on; but no familiar phrase could be distinguished.

Then a voice struck her ear which brought still wilder agitation—it was Katherine's; she was sure of it! She must have been taken captive also, and Gaston with her. There was joy in the thought that at least they were near.

"Katherine! Katherine!" she cried, wildly.

There was no answer, but the dark face of the Indian sentinel appeared at the opening, and, by a stern gesture, imposed silence upon her. She fell back and covered her face with her hands, to shut out the fierce image which brought back all the agonizing terror of the past hours.

Toward morning she fell into the troubled sleep of exhaustion, and forgot for a time, at least, the terrible realities which surrounded her, the petted, idolized girl, who all her life had been so carefully shielded from every thing which could even bring her a moment's annoyance—this was her fate at last.

It was, indeed, Katherine's voice that reached her ear, and the tumult which had arisen was caused by her arrival.

Attended by several savage guides, the girl and her grandmother entered the open space where the Indians were encamped. The scouts in the forest had given the signal of her approach, and the red men pressed eagerly forward to obtain a sight of the singular being whom they believed to have been bequeathed to them by the Great Spirit, and who was destined to wield a terrible influence over their future course.

Katherine advanced into the circle and looked about the strange scene which, although unwitnessed before, appeared more familiar to her than the luxuriant home of the past years. This weird encampment, with its painted warriors, gratified every instinct of her savage nature.

There was imagination enough in her character to feel the charm of that grand old forest, lighted up by the blaze of camp-fires, for a little distance, that only made the gloom beyond more profound.

The stern visages grouped around had no terror for her—she saw in them only abject slaves, who should be cowed to her will and taught to obey her commands blindly, as if they had come from their Manitou himself.

She wore a dress which was a mingling of savage and civilized costume, arranged with an eye to picturesque effect, which would strike those rude natures, and combining the bright colors which at that age pleased her fancy.

In the depths of her heart she had secreted the gentle qualities which are felt by the civilized lady. But now independent of her savage instincts, she revelled in bright colors in order to captivate the rude people it was her ambition to command. She was a girl still, in spite of her ambition and cold heart, to a certain degree impulsive, and feeling the charm which bright decorations bespangled that occasion; so she yielded to her savage taste with a thrill of pleasure, and gloried in the outburst of admiration that met her. She were a

robe of bright scarlet, bordered with black fur, girded at the waist by a gold cord, and falling back at the shoulders to reveal an under dress of pliant doe-skin, which fitted closely to her rounded bust, and was confined by jeweled buttons. She wore leggins of the same soft skin, fringed with chipped leather, and decorated with a delicate embroidery of silk and wampum, and her slender moccasins were elaborately wrought in the same tasteful manner, lined with scarlet, and fringed with a wampum of gold and coral. Her beautiful hair was drawn back from her forehead, and wreathed about the back of her head in a thousand tiny plaits, and among the shining braids was twisted a coronet of black and crimson feathers, after the fashion which had dwelt upon her fancy from early girlhood.

A single ornament composed of rubies and emeralds glittered upon her forehead, and about her slender throat was clasped a necklace of the same brilliant gems, that reflected back the blaze of the torches which they held about her, in a thousand magnificent hues, and shone with every movement of her head like a circlet of flame.

Fastened in her girdle she wore a dagger in a curiously wrought scabbard, upon the haft of which her right hand rested carelessly, as she stood looking round upon the astonished savages.

Never had her beauty appeared to greater advantage than in that singular dress, and with those wild surroundings. Her eyes blazed like those of a she eagle, and a fierce, exultant smile curled her beautiful mouth, as she saw the impression which her appearance had made upon the group.

Ahmo stood a little behind her, glancing from her child to the Indians, eager to note any change in their facts, and when he saw how deeply they were struck by her loveliness and majesty, she sank farther back, to indulge, unobserved, in the delight which the realization of all her hopes gave to her gauntlet, exultant old heart.

There were only two or three chiefs among the party, and they stepped forward with quiet dignity to receive her, though you could see how even those proud warriors, who looked upon their women only as children or slaves, were moved by the gracefulness of the buxom girl, as she awaited to return their greeting.

"Nimico's grandchild is welcome," said the oldest of the group. "The chiefs will conduct her to her people—they have waited long for her coming, and will receive her as a gift from the Great Spirit."

"Mahaska will never again leave her tribe," she answered; her deep, rich voice sounding clear and distinct through the circle. "She has left the homes of the pale-faces forever—Mahaska is all Indian now."

"It is well," they answered; "the maiden's voice is soft as the wind among the pine trees, but her words are full of wisdom as those of a great prophet."

"Mahaska is a prophet," she said; "The Great Spirit sends her visions by which we can direct her people—will they listen to her words?"

"Let Mahaska wait till our journey is ended, and she is among her assembled people—she will be content."

She bowed her head softly, and the old chief fell back a little to allow Gi-en-gwa-tah to approach. He drew near her reverentially, as if she had indeed been some beautiful spirit sent among them by the Great Father, through his love broke the young love which had dawned upon him, and given to his life the brightness which love alone can confer, whether the heart in which it finds a resting place is covered with russet or kingly mantle. She looked upon him with haughty indifference.

At that moment, the pleading voice of the poor captive rose wailingly upon the air.

"Katharine! Katharine!"

"The erring bairn crieth like a child," said the woman scornfully, turning to her grandmother, "but she speaks a name that have I forgotten."

Her brows contracted under their coronet as she spoke, and a harsh, cruel expression took the place of the fierce pride which had glowed in her face before.

"Is Mahaska satisfied?" asked the young chief.

"Gi-en-gwa-tah has done well," she answered, in a low voice, inaudible to those around; "he shall be the first chief among his people."

Then she turned away; the exultation in the young savage's face, the wild love in the black eyes fixed upon her's, filled her with a sort of abhorrence, which, for the moment, made her forget her pride and all her hungry revenge, to feel the sharp pang of womanly suffering which throbbed in her heart.

Again Adele's voice reached her ear, and the sound made her strong, steering her mind to cruelty, and tearing from her soul the last trace of faltering or human sadness.

She moved toward the bough which had been hastily prepared for her of boughs, with tufts of leaves, yet green upon them, and accompanied by her granddaughter, she peered at the entrance to wave farewell to the watching savages, and disappeared from their sight so like a beautiful spirit, that they almost feared she had vanished from among them forever.

"Is Mahaska content?" whispered the old woman, creeping close to her side in the gloom of the bough. "Did not Ahmo speak truly—will she not be a great queen among her people?"

"And Mahaska's greatness shall be reflected upon her grand dame," returned the girl; "Mahaska never forgets."

"Ahmo is old; she only wants to see Mahaska received among her people, and then she is ready to pass into the happy hunting ground, where Nemomo awaits her coming."

"Ahmo must not talk of going away—she grieves her child, and she has need of all her strength now."

"Let her think upon her greatness, that will make her strong."

"No; the agony of this young pale-face, who stole my father's love shall be my strength—an Indian chief can love many wives, Gi-en-gwi-tah shall marry her. Then she may die of a broken heart; or, for right I care, she may go back to her true lover."

She spoke with a savage ferocity that scared her companion, but controlling herself at once, she flew away and flung herself upon the bed of furs.

"Mun-sat is weary," she said; "with the first dawn we must be on our way—Ahmo is old, she wants rest."

The old woman lay down at her feet and was soon sleeping herself, but all through the night Katharine lay there wakeful as the poor captive whom she had torn from her home, but with thoughts as disquiet as if had been the impossible ways of Paradise which separated her from the happiness innocent and desirous for a life more cruel than death.

History can furnish records of women capable of the cruel deed which Katharine meditated, but such acts were almost always perpetrated under the influence of strong passion and impulse; but Katharine had not even that excuse to screen the fiendish barbarity of her plans.

With the bitterness of "*a woman stoned*," she had determined on the destruction of that innocent young girl, and never, since that horriding interview in the garden, had her mind wavered from its terrible purpose. No proof of kindness or clemency had been able to soften her heart; to her perverted imagination they only seemed additional wrongs.

Now, in the relentless cruelty with which she had followed that unscrupulous creature, her hold upon self was stronger than jealousy, the more it was an ordinary feeling of revenge. She really believed it was a very wise and prudent course to sacrifice the shrine of her Innocency to the less odious, as her grandmother had immolated the happiness of that poor girl years before. She believed that her mother's voice, adherent to this scheme, she had dwelt upon her son's innocence, constantly for years, that in her dreams it returned to her, and the dark visions which visited her pillow she received as confirmations to her expectation, and guides to point out to her the events which was expected to pursue, instead of perceiving that she was but the slave of her own evil imaginations and blood-thirsty instincts.

With the alarm of Ahmo was assuaged from her troubled slumber by the noise of a hunting party, who she heard by signs that she was to run after them.

The poor girl awoke with fear, shuddering with apprehension, and chilled by the early morning air, which was still piercing and icy to her delicate frame. They gave her food, and she partook of it, for she was weak with hunger; then they threw a heavy blanket about her, and,

without a word, she was borne away through the forest, until they came out upon the bank of a river. She saw several canoes in advance, borne swiftly down the current. In one of them a woman stood upright, looking back at them, her scarlet robe floating to the breeze, and something in the air and attitude reminded her of Katharine; but she knew that it could not be her old companion, free and in that strange dress.

She had hoped to find her and Gaston; but she now began to think that she had been deceived by the voice, and that she was entirely alone in the power of those ferocious savages.

She allowed herself to be seated in the canoe, and sunk down in passive submission, so worn out by suffering that she had ceased to hope for aid or deliverance.

The thongs which bound the delicate wrists pressed into her flesh, and caused her much pain, but in the horror of her situation, and the mental agony she endured, it was scarcely felt. There she crouched, half insane with that wild despair, asking only for a speedy death as an escape from her misery.

Under other circumstances the wild and beautiful scenery through which they passed would have filled her with delight, but now the dark solitude of the unbroken forest only brought new terror, and every lofty cliff left behind seemed only to place a new barrier between her and freedom.

Sometimes she lay half insensible in the bottom of the canoe; then she would suddenly rouse herself, thinking that she heard familiar voices summon her, and for a second believing that aid was near. But the mocking ripple of the river alone met her ear, and on swept the canoe in the wake of the other fragile barks, filled with dusky forms, that sat upright and motionless as a band of shadows floating down the fabled river of old.

She was going up stream, and knew that the river emptied itself somewhere into the St. Lawrence. Thus a painful consciousness possessed her that every beat of the paddle bore her further and farther from home. Oh, how she thirsted for freedom to wander off and lie alone in the forest! She envied the deer that came so daintily down to the bank for drink, and shut her eyes with a sick feeling of bondage when a bird flew over her head.

It was almost dark when the echoes landed under the shadow of a tall cliff, and the Indian to whom she was consigned helped her up the steep path. Adele caught the glare of the newly-kindled camp-fires, and a new desolation struck her heart, as the thought of another night in the tortoise of suspense.

As she gained the ascent and approached the fire, she again caught sight of the scarlet dress, which had attracted her attention in the morning. The wearer was standing near the fire, conversing with one of the savages, and something in the attitude and gestures reminded her again of Katharine.

With an unexpected movement she shook off the grasp of her com-

dafter, and sprung forward. Before he could overtake her she had leaped the fire, and grasped the woman's robe.

The woman turned quickly. In spite of her changed dress and look, Adele recognized her instantly.

"Katharine! Katharine!" she cried, "save me, oh save me!"

The woman shook loose her fragile hold, and swooned darkly down upon the poor girl, as she fell to the ground in the anguish of her spirit.

"The pale-face is mad," she said, replying in French; "I do not know that name."

"Oh, Katharine, what do you mean? Surely this trouble hasn't hung me so that you do not know me!" she gasped. "I have been almost insane; but there is some hope in finding you. Can we not escape? Why have they taken us? My father will pay a ransom. Deal with them, Katharine, beg them to let us go."

"Marekska is among her own people," she replied, coldly; "the pale face speaks like words. They have no meaning."

Adele raised herself from the ground, and stared at her with sudden apprehension: she feared that the shock and terror of her capture had turned her friend's brain. The pallid face, contracted with evil passions, and the glazing eyes that looked into her own, well justified the fear, and that new horror increased Adele's sickening tenderness.

"Oh, Katharine, Katharine!" she cried, extending her fettered hands, "don't look so—try to be calm! Perhaps help will come; my father is powerful; he will send aid."

"He is powerless here," returned the Indian girl, in a cold, hard voice; "the Indian reigns supreme in the wilderness."

"He will send out men, I know he will; they will find us—we shall be saved! Only be calm, Katharine; don't let them separate us again—cling fast to me."

Katharine said I sternly.

"Marekska can stand alone like the young pine," she said; "she is not a frail vine like the pale-face, that cannot live without support."

"Why do you speak in that strange way?" pleaded Adele. "What do you mean by that name?"

"It is my own."

"She is mad!" said Adele, though she had no tears to soften her pain. "Oh, Kate, dear Kate, sit down by me; it is Adele that is talking to you—your own friend Adele."

"Marekska has no friend among the pale-faces," she answered; "they are her foes—her heart is full of hatred for them."

Still Adele gazed with her, believing that she was not conscious of her words, for it was impossible that any approach to the terrible truth should have dawned upon her.

"Dear Katy," she cried, calling her by the childish name she had often addressed her by, "get down here! Ask them to unbind my hands; see how they are swollen."

She held out her slender hands; red and inflamed with the hard thongs which bound them. Katherine scolded grimly at the sight.

"The pale-face cannot bear suffering," she said, "but let her be still—he grows wild when his tocher ceases."

"You will drive me wild with these strange words!" groaned Adele. "Try to think; tell me what became of Gaston—how did he escape?"

Katherine started as if a knife had struck her. She snatched away the robe which Adele had again seized, with such violence that the poor girl fell almost prostrate.

"Fool! she exclaimed, in a deep undertone; "fool! will you never understand? I am among my own people, and you are my prisoner."

Adele raised herself, sat down upon the ground, and remained there looking at her in helpless misery, unable yet to take in the import of her words.

"You need sleep," she said, pitifully. "Ask them to show us to our wigwam. Stay with me; don't let them separate us."

"Mahaska would rather sleep with a viper hugged to her bosom, than the cowardly pale-face," she hissed.

"Call yourself Katherine!" she panted. "Don't you know me—don't you remember Adele? Think how happy we have been together in the old castle, at our convent school. Bear up for my sake, dear, dear Katherine."

"The Indian princess does not know the name," she replied. "If the pale face must talk, let her say Mahaska."

"What does it matter? Why do you call yourself that?"

"It means the Avenger!" she exclaimed; "and I am she! Now does the girl understand?"

"But that is not your name," cried Adele. "You have but love and kindness all your life. You have no wrongs to avenge!"

"No wrongs!" she repeated, with a relish more than she had before betrayed. "What was thy fault—what has my whole life been? I warn you to leave it! You had better brave the wild panther in her lair, than Mahaska threatening her people!"

"You do not know what you say," cried Adele. "Oh, help me to steal into the woods. You can now—I can help you. Help you! I will make me strong. We can get back to my father and Gaston."

The woman's fury was now uncontrollable; she beat her hand heavily on her shoulder, and burst whistling, in a voice that froze the blood in her listener's veins:

"Speak that never again, and I will tear your heart out, and send it to him as a parting gift!"

"Katherine—Katherine!" she cried, but the voice was now an agonized shriek, that died out like a sternawakening; but it excited no thrill of compassion in the heart of the Indian woman that bent over her.

"Silence!" she exclaimed. "I will hear no more! Listen now

—understand me. I have forsaken the white race forever. I hate the race—you most of all! For years I have meditated this step started; you and yours have driven me to it!"

"Katherine!" she said, again, as a perception of the truth impressed itself upon her mind.

The woman forced her into silence with a warning gesture, and Alice receded under the protecting bough.

"The man you call father was mine—my own father. He had banished me. He drove my mother to death by neglect—starved my brother. What manner of the master of the poor Indian? He kept me in his house a day, a plaything, to posterity, as the Indian said I was. Then he beat at you and the pale-face, his voice like a horn of hell in the chamber that had been her child's. She was sturdy, resolute, white-woman. Ahmo sent her drink—cold, sweet wine—that it would kill her, as I wou'l kill you, but that I must see you the wife of a true warrior!"

Alice had taken up a tuft of grass, and hidden her face in her hands, trying to shut out these terrible woes, but the woman hurried relentlessly on :

"You came between me and the man I loved, then it was time to act! I planned this secret to watch your fall. You are my prisoner! I will take you far from here; you shall never see your lover's friend. You shall die slowly with pangs of the heart, such as caused my mother to the grave. I have spoken—trouble me no more."

She poised the long, slender creature from her, and walked rapidly away, returning to the Indians to apprise them and carry her into the camp-Indian prison-tent. That last entrance was unheeded, for Alice swooned, given way under that awful torture, and she fell dead to the earth beside her.

They raised the prostrate form hurriedly, and placed her upon her bed, where she lay unconscious for the hour, or the longer, until a sound awoke her again.

Exhausted by the protracted agony, Katherine turned back to the camp-tents, and again taking courage to the breasts, inflaming the cheeks with the blushes of triumphantress, which she dwelt upon, such, in her exultation, looked so much like the priestess of some ancient and primitive, that it was no marvel they bewept her words had been inspired, and believed that they followed the dictates of their Master in uniting to her councils.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE PURSUIT AND THE RESCUE

The party in pursuit of the stolen girl was enabled to track the fugitives by the skill and vigilance of their Indian guides.

To Gaston, unacquainted with forest life, it was incomprehensible how they followed the closely covered trail, discovering a thousand signs which he could hardly distinguish, even when pointed out to him.

The young man was in a state little short of frenzy, although his companions buoyed him up with every hope possible, and kept him from absolute despair by their apparent confidence.

In the place where the savages had encamped the first night, they found a handkerchief which had belonged to Adele. They brought it to the young man, and careless, reckless, as a life of excitement and danger had made them, there was not a man but respected and sympathized with the overwhelming grief which even his pride and strength could not wholly master.

They took to the canoes, which had been brought with them, at the place where the party of whom they were in search had embarked, and it seemed like a ray of hope to Gaston to escape somewhat from the gloom of the forest, and feel himself gliding swiftly up the beautiful river.

The officer in command at the castle, forced to assume the authority left vacant by the sudden death of the Governor, had enjoined upon them the necessity of avoiding an affray with the savages, as it would be dangerous at that time to rouse the enmity of the tribe to which they belonged. They had long before this been enrolled among the nations with whom the French were at amity, and as their aim was necessary against the English, every method of conciliating them must be used.

He believed that the capture of the young girl was the work of some single savage, enured of her wonderful loveliness, but Gaston could not rid himself of the feeling which had settled upon him at first, that the girl Katherine was the instigator of the bold, and it had grown into actual belief when the fact of her disappearance, coupled with the departure of her grandmother, came to his knowledge.

It was a very silent party that glided up the winding of the picturesque stream. These gay Frenchmen were too full of sympathy for their companion to give way to their usual jests and conversation, and the sudden death of the Governor had cast an added gloom upon their spirits, for proud and retired as he was, he had made himself a

great favorite among the officers, by his personal bravery, and the kindness which characterized all his intercourse with them.

The second night came on, and a portion of the party left the boats, to seek in the woods for any trace of the camp-fires, which the Indians were certain must be near, as the party, having taken a different route from the one they were expected to choose, would feel little fear of pursuit.

It was a beautiful night. The clear sky, with its numberless stars, was reflected in the bosom of the river, disturbing and breaking up the long shadows of the cliffs with their gleams; and, over all, the full moon looked down, bathing the forest with its silver brightness till the scene grew almost unearthly in its loveliness.

The boats moved slowly on, awaiting the return of the exploring party, and, in the stillness, Gaston's heart gained so many new fears, that, at each instant, he almost expected to hear Adele's voice calling upon him for assistance.

After a time, the men returned, and Gaston started eagerly to his feet, while one of his companions asked the question which his lips had been powerless to frame:

"Have you found them?"

"Yes; they are encamped about a quarter of a mile lower down; just beyond that great cliff."

A short thanksgiving rose to Gaston's lips, checked only by the fearful thought that he might be too late to rescue Adele from death, which, perhaps, had saved her from the torture of fright and fatigue which she must have undergone.

"Pardon at once!" he exclaimed. "For heaven's sake, don't lose a moment here."

"It will be better to wait a while," returned one of the officers. "When every thing is quiet, we may be able to rescue the lady without harm. We will send one of the Indians to reconnoiter."

Gaston felt the justice of the remark, but was fain to control his impatience as well as he was able, but each moment appeared like an hour in his heart.

At length the Indian came back, and announced that every thing was quiet in the camp. The shelter where the young girl was confined was near the outer edge of the encampment, and it was decided that a portion of the party should make their way through the woods, to see if it was not possible to get her out of their power without惊动ing the Indians.

They entered the woods again, and pulled down to the cliff, then Gaston and his men followed one of the Indian guides by a circuitous path, which brought them at last of the encampment.

They crept down on its outer verge. Every thing was still; the fire blazed up far through the darkness, and in their light lay the sentinel fast asleep.

"Palo-sace in dere," whispered the guide, in broken French, to Gaston.

The young man followed the direction in which he pointed, and saw the rude sort of wigwam which had been constructed to shelter her. It was no time to give way to feeling—he needed all the calmness and self-possession of which he was master.

"Get near and whisper to pale-face," continued the guide. "Mahaska know his voice—no be frightened."

It seemed to Gaston that the pulsations of his heart must betray him as he crept along upon his hands and knees until he was close to the hut.

He paused an instant, pushed aside a piece of bark, and put his face to the aperture. In the half light he could see Adele lying without sleep.

He bent nearer and whispered:

"Adele, Adele!"

She started to her feet, but his warning whisper checked the exclamation which rose to her lips.

"Adele, it is I—Gaston—come this way!"

She pressed her mangled hands hard against her mouth to keep back the cry of joy which sprang with the great gush of joy from her heart, and crept softly toward him—so near that their hands could touch.

That was no time for words; he felt the thongs that bound her wrists, took out his knife and cut them rapidly. She could not speak, there was such confusion between hope and fear in her mind that it was with difficulty she preserved her senses. He pulled away the bark and boughs with great caution until the aperture was large enough for her to creep out with his assistance—another moment and she was in his arms, clasped close to that heart whose every pulse beat so truly for her.

They had almost gained their companion, when a cry arose from the camp. Katharine, lying in her lodge sleepless and vigilant, had caught the faint noise and hurried out. She saw the Indian asleep by the fire, looked toward the wigwam and saw Adele and Gaston, whose uniform she at once recognized.

She gave a cry of rage that roused the savages, but before they had reached the spot where she stood, the fugitives had disappeared in the forest.

"To the river," she shouted, "to the river—they will go there."

There was a moment's consultation among the chiefs, then one of them said:

"Let the maiden be cautious—we will not offend our friend the great white chief."

"They shall all die together," she cried; "Mahaska has sworn it. There is yet time. See! Quick, the horses—bring the horses, I command you!"

She looked scarcely human in her frenzy. Every feature was convulsed with passion, and the fire in her strained eyes was like that of some wild animal.

The chiefs approached and tried to speak with her, but she waved them fiercely away.

"Mata-ha is the only free Amazonia," she exclaimed; "she will be obeyed."

Again the chief attempted to reason with her.

"What does the tribe tell you?" she cried.

"I am a Blue Fox," he said, proudly.

"As I have said, I am the Fox," she replied, "cunning and coward."

He turned sharply upon her, but she looked boldly in his face, the eyes full under the brows of her helmet.

"You have defied my will," she said; "let the Fox beware—has he forgotten my name?"

She stood again to the Indians in the fury of her passion as she turned toward the end of the encampment where the horses had been picketed.

"Secure the girl," she cried, clenching her hands in her passion.

"Gang-ga-wit, obey! Follow me all of you!"

The deerleap along the path to the river, but the chiefs followed slowly, a signal from them restraining the eagerness of their advance.

No one of the Indians dared to disobey when Katherine shouted forth her challenge with a cry dispelling from the old chieftain's mind even the suspicion of interference with the French.

"I will go now!" she shrieked again, giving way to her fierce passion. "Quick, or they will escape."

She reached the edge of the camp just in time to see them disappearing up the path at the utmost speed of their horses. She sprang forward with a cry of rage.

"After them!" she cried. "They have no right."

"They have stolen our horses," said the chief who had before addressed her; "we have not killed a man somewhere never, but we can not find them until dawn."

Katherine did not know what to say truly—the horses had all but been taken by the French.

"Our master knows!" she cried. "If they shall not come—one of them, at least, shall dye."

Katherine ran to the horses and spoke to them to follow.

"It is hard," she said, "but you shall not escape."

She started out to thank the three of the Indians and ride away. An awful shout answered her—the chiefs, leaving no way. An awful shout answered her. A turn on the path—she took it. Gang-ga-wit, rushed after her. A turn on the path—she took it. The forest closed to intercept the fugitives in sight.

Katherine spurred her horse more rapidly on—a falter, falter, falter, falter, falter, falter, falter, falter. The Indians saw her—saw too that she was weary and unable to hold out, and their fears were somewhat assuaged.

Gaston de Lague was riding at the head of the party, carrying

Adele in his arms, who had half fainted from the excitement and terror of the rapid escape. Katharine whirled the tomahawk around her head. Its whiz went through her heart, turning its point. The last throb of love that ever swelled her bosom broke through her wrath and paralyzed her arm. It fell like lead against the shoulder of her horse, borne down by the weight of her tomahawk. Spite of the hatred that burned so fiercely in her bosom, spite of the dread of escape, which drove her almost insane, she had no strength to kill him with her own hand. She led the pursuit—the swiftest horse had not kept up with her impatience; but the forest behind her was red with painted warriors, flashing through it as flame leaps from thicket to thicket. She turned upon their leader—the tomahawk had dropped from her hand which she lifted wildly in the air. "I can't do it—idiot, fool, coward that I am! Bring them down—shoot him—shoot the woman on his bosom—cleave them with ten thousand arrows; smite them down with your tomahawks! Onward, onward! The chief that kills one or both shall call Katharine wife—slave. He shall be her husband, her master!"

The crowd of chiefs rushed forward, leaping like deer, some on horseback, some on foot; their leader alone had heard Katharine's challenge and her promise. But, mad with ambition, wild with savage greed for blood, they passed by her, shouting a war-whoop. Gi-en gwa-tah lel, lifting his rifle, while his knees alone pressed the sides of his fleet horse.

Katharine rose in her stirrups and rode on, unconscious of the motion, jaded and cold as marble. Her white lips pressed close, her eyes one flame of rage.

Through that horrible war-whoop came the sharp crack of a rifle, a cry thrilling with pain—a woman's cry, followed by a second report. Straining her eagle sight through the smoke, Katharine saw Gaston de Laguy fall headlong from his horse, dragging the girl with him.

Something in her heart gave way; the whiz of the bullet seemed centering in its pulses, and without any warning, she reeled from her seat and fell upon the ground motionless, as her victims were being carried away by their companions.

As the wretched creature fell headlong from her saddle, the natives put spurs to their horses and disappeared in the wildings of the forest, bearing away Gaston and Adele. The savages made no attempt to follow them—they were stunned by the unexpected disaster that had befallen them, looking down upon her still form as it lay white and motionless on the green sward, the moist light falling full upon the upturned face, and crowning it still distorted by the horrible passions which had surged up from that savage heart, when the womanhood went out of it. Over all was visible the expression of pain which had convulsed her very soul, when the bullet that struck Gaston de Laguy whizzed past her ear.

The remainder of the Indians came slowly up to the spot where the group stood about Katharine's body.

A cry went up from a score of lips, echoed by a terrible shriek from old Ahmo, as she struggled forward and threw herself on the ground by the senselers form.

"She is dead!" she shrieked. "They have murdered your queen. Was it for this—for this?"

They raised the rigid body, and carried it slowly back to the encampment; back through the awful shadows of the wilderness which tell over her in dire misery pain—into the red light of the camp-fires, which shone up only to reveal how ghostly white a human face could be with bad passions, lying like ashes upon it.

That strange fitness had lasted for hours; it was the girl's last hour in weakness; and who can say what strange magnetic power linked it with the fate she had brought upon the man to whom her love had been a curse.

After the first stupor of grief, Ahmo applied every remedy that could suggest itself to her mind, while the young chief stood motionless by the insensible creature, never once turning his eye from the still, pale face. She was his wife. He had won her bravely, this great joy made his face savagely beautiful.

The dawn lay grey and broken upon the forest, when Katharine's soul returned slowly from that swoon, falling over her features like the ashen shadows of death. Ahmo bent over her with a burst of passionate affection which even her Indian nature could not repress, but there was no response.

Katharine pushed her arms and sat upright on the pile of moss where they had placed her. The half quenched fire of her eyes fell open the instant as he stood before her in the shadow.

"Speak," she cried impatiently.

"Now, it is granted! it is avenged," she answered; "the pale-faced brave is dead; the white dove was shot through his body."

For a moment she was silent; there was a fierce joy in her heart from which every trace of humanity had fled forever, but mingled with it sang a sobbly hymn for the man who had obeyed her command.

He went toward her and said softly:

"Does the princess remember her promise?"

"I never forgot it," she answered coldly, meeting his eyes unflinchingly. "Let Gwang-watch go away—be silent, and wait."

A wild joy beat at the dusky face, and so roused every evil passion in Katharine's soul, that her hand clutched instinctively over the hilt of her sword, but she remained otherwise immovable.

"Let Gwang-watch go," she repeated. "In an hour we must be on our journey again. When the prophets of our tribe call for her choice, Katharine will speak—till then, silence!"

He bent her swordward; Katharine struck Ahmo away, and remained motionless in her old attitude until the signal for departure was given. Then she mounted her horse and rode away through the wilderness, still and white, like a stele moving.

For many days the Indians, with Katharine among them, traveled down great rivers and through vast forests toward that portion of the country where the powerful tribe to which they belonged was settled.

Katharine's face changed very much during that weird journey; all the light and joyousness of youth that it had ever possessed was gone forever, the great eyes had lost the mournful expression which they had formerly worn at times, and settled into a stern, hard glister, which deepened with every hour.

Gi-en-gwa-tah watched her day after day while the love-light deepened in his eye, and accustomed as he was to the silent, reticent manner of the women of his tribe, he felt no surprise at her stern demeanor.

## CHAPTER XV.

### MAHASKA THE QUEEN.

They came out at last upon the shores of Quichee Lake, upon whose beautiful banks that tribe had their favorite hunting-ground and usual resting-place, an Indian village having been established at the other end. It was a lovely spot, sloping down in sylvan beauty to the silvery girdle of waters that washed the land.

A swift runner had been last morning despatched to acquaint the tribe with the news of the princess's speedy arrival and the utmost excitement and curiosity preceded her approach.

Delegates from several of the Six Nations were with the tribe waiting to receive her, and the occasion was made one of great festivity and rejoicing.

While the golden and purple light of sunset cast their gorgeousness over the beautiful lake, the canoes which bore Katharine and her train floated rapidly across the waters.

Katharine sat upright and stately in her place, while all who crouched at her feet, looking up in her face with the expression of a dumb animal watching some beloved object, but the公主's eyes did not even fall upon her, she was too busy with her own wild thoughts to notice those about her.

They were nearing the shore—the crew upon the banks was distinctly visible, and the warriors from the canoes sent up a cry that was answered by a shout from the assembled savages on the shore.

Then a sound of tramp, sweep of the wings, and at the first of this savage rejoicing, Katharine stepped on shore and received the greeting of the chiefs who crowded about her.

She had a wonderful command of language, and the brief, formal

speech in which she replied to their welcome, well supported the idea they had acquired of her wonderful powers.

It was an impressive scene, that great multitude of copper-faced men, with the women and children in the back ground, or walking about that pale, stately girl, who stood among them with all the dignity of a European monarch, receiving the homage of her vassals. There was something fearful too in the idea of that woman, so young and beautiful, forsaking the luxuries of civilized life, to take up her home in that vast wilderness, among those untutored savages. Had she gone with the spirit of self-abnegation, which would have animated a good woman to use her influence so to turn their thoughts from evil, to moderate their passions and imbue them with the spirit of Christianity, there would have been something touching and holy in the scene; but she appeared among them like the spirit of evil, and to lead them on to still darker deeds and more relentless cruelty.

When she signified her desire to be led to her own dwelling, the old wife gathered about her and the whole tribe followed slowly toward the ledge which had been prepared for her reception.

She turned upon the threshold—dismissed the throng with a wave of the hand, and disappeared within the gloom of the interior.

With another fierce shout that pealed far through the forest, the multitude dispersed and turned back toward the settlement. Standing in the gloom, Katherine caught that exultant cry, but her iron soul flung silver at the sound. She had done with all womanly weaknesses forever.

When Alice entered the ledge, she found that her grand-daughter had retired into the apartment where she slept, and even the old woman did not venture to intrude upon her privacy.

All night long Katherine sat in the gloom of her solitude, reflecting upon the life before her.

She had taken the first step which gave her soul wholly up to thoughts of revenge and power. Fierce memories tugged at her heart-strings, but found no relief in words. There she sat, stern and cold—pitiless for herself as she was for others, crushing down her mortal thoughts with an iron hand, and fixing her mind upon the goal which she had promised her ambition to attain.

With the day broke, she passed out of her chamber quiet and cold as ever; but the heartful fire had grown still more hard, and the last expression of inward softness had disappeared from her eyes.

Alice watched her closely, but made no sign; she knew that nothing than herself would discover any trace of the mental conflict which the girl had endured, and she was content—her part in life was almost done now.

For years past her only stimulus to existence had been the future which awaited, and it seemed now as if her soul only waited for the coming moment which should render her position secure, to pass forever from the wild memories of the past.

The young savage—for she truly was such now—had reddened her ~~conscience~~ with a murderous revenge. The last trace of the old life ~~was~~ swept aside forever. The stain of blood upon the woman's soul had fully roused the tiger within, which henceforth only warfare and desolation could appease.

Indomitable as her will, and fiery as her passions, they were fully matched by the craft and cunning of her nature. For years she had made the character of those rude savages her study; she knew them ~~as~~ thoroughly as schoolmen do their books.

Her grandmother had made her familiar also with the leading characteristics of the warriors of the tribes, and any information that she lacked concerning them, her quick perceptions speedily supplied, and taught her to obtain dominion over one by flattering his vanity, another through his greed, until the time should come when her will should be a despotic law that none would dare to dispute.

The coming of the princess among the Nations had been anxiously expected for years. They believed that she had been raised up by the Great Spirit to be a mighty ruler among the tribes.

She had been nearly a fortnight in her new position; the days had been so full of business and activity that she had hardly secured time for a thought not immediately connected with the interests about her.

Delegates from friendly tribes had been constantly arriving to pay their homage to the new queen, and insure amicable relations with the powerful Six Nations.

Every time she stirred out, her people crowded about her with unrestrainable curiosity, for neither warriors nor women had yet been able to overcome the strange interest which had for years been connected with her name.

Numerous councils had been held, at all of which she presided, and the chiefs listened to her opinions with the reverence they had always shown for her ancestor, the great prophet.

A lodge of rude logs, as commodious as they could contrive, had been prepared for her use, and for the summer months it made an agreeable and picturesque residence.

It stood upon the bank of the lake, overshadowed by a knot of lofty pines, and the Indian women, with that love of the beautiful which seems an instinct in the wildest and most ignorant of the sex, had trained forest vines over it in rich luxuriance, and brought fragrant plants from the wilderness to enamel the greenisward in front.

The interior was hung with costly furs, and separated in different apartments by curtains of rich skins. The ground was strewn in morning with fresh grasses, and altogether it made up a sylvan retreat, that even a more fastidious person might have found agreeable.

She found time for all these ideas of personal comfort in the midst of her more important occupations, and the Indians made every haste

to perform her wishes, as if she had been a godless, and they her adorers.

The influence which her antecedents had given her among the great body of the tribe, was increased by her conduct, until it became absolute idolatry, and very soon not even the most powerful chief among the Nations would be allowed to oppose his wishes to her requirements.

Katharine watched the increase of her dominion with panther-like craft, and neglected no means which could insure its results. She was subtle and kind in the midst of her haughtiness: she had brought hundred money from her father's palace, to reward liberally those who served her, and punished so unmercifully those who disobeyed her slightest commands, that their affection and awe increased daily.

In itself, reverence for her as the descendant of their greatest chiefs, and the one to whom their beloved prophet had bequeathed his power, had become closely blended with their religion, and it was upon that basis that Katharine built up the iron rock of her sway.

But, owing to that very religious superstition with which they regarded her, there was one last submission she must make to their wishes—it would be the very last, and in the struggle which preceded its accomplishment, the fiendish instincts of her soul gathered their crowning strength.

To the bitterness of her revenge she had sold herself, body and soul. The dying words of the prophet had been that she must wed a chief from the tribe—her choice was to be left free, but there was no escape from the fulfillment of the command, unless she ceased to live.

When in her girlish days, Katharine had contemplated her present position, and woven schemes for power and aggrandizement, she had trusted that either craft or daring would preserve her from this revolting step.

But now, among the people, she saw that she could in no other way make her dominion complete. The matter had been debated over first and last, but for several weeks she had managed to postpone its discussion with the skill of Elizabeth herself. Her pledge was given; she was Geng-gwastah's slave, but not yet would she put on the shackles.

Now the day was coming when it could no longer be deserted; she saw that her artifice had already awakened suspicions among several of the chiefs, and the council of all the tribes proved to her that in one way, at least, this was complete to her power.

She had fallen reluctantly into the order of her new life; she had received upbraids for many years, that nothing struck her with the force of irony, and her feelings had become so deadened by the constant gloom of her mother's withdrawal from the whites, that it helped to strengthen that state of mind.

But now the moment was at hand which must force her thoughts

out of their grand dreams of power and revenge against the race to whom she was allied by such close ties of blood.

In spite of all she was a woman, young and beautiful, refined and educated as the best polished lady of a European court; she regarded the Indians only as the slaves of her will, and the bare fact of marrying among them was terribly revolting.

Those were strange days and nights which she spent, while revolting the decision which she felt had become unavoidable. The enemies of her youth came back in spite of all her self-control, as she lay through the silent midnight in her couch of furs, listening to the moan of the forest wind articulate with murmurs of the past and forebodings of the future. With the usual noiseless steps the grunts of Geron, and the wild cry that rang out from the lips of Alice, when the raleshot pierced her. In the night time these memories lost all their zest of vengeance, and became dying moans, that echoed through and through her soul. But they made that soul no better. Katherine was not a person to feel regret — scarcely remorse.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### MAHASKA, THE WIFE.

KATHERINE was standing in the doorway of her barge one day, looking out upon the waters of the lake, tinged with the glory of the sunset.

Looking down toward the Indian village, spread out within a bow-shot of her barge, she saw her grandmother coming up in the direction of her dwelling.

She stood still and awaited her approach. For the first time she noticed the weird change which had come over the woman during the past weeks.

The face so wrinkled and worn by the influence of cold seasons, had lost the vitality formerly possessed; the features had grown at tempest and storm, and she walked slowly and with great difficulty.

Even then, tottering as she was on the threshold of death, it was singular to observe the points of resemblance between the Indian princess and the savage crone.

She tottered feebly along, but, in spite of her weakness, the resemblance was there still, and, had Katherine been a picture of her old age, she might have found it in the woman before her, although with the personal resemblance all similarity would have

posed, for there would have been found in his pocket a few small records with which Katharine strewed a carpet over the floor.

Before the woman reached the door, Katharine said to her, "Let us and forgotten him again in the supercilious way of life. Her grandmother drew close to her side, and said she was a wise, kind old woman, and said, softly :

" Of what is Mahaska dreaming ? "

Katharine turned toward her with a frown.

" Is Mahaska a sick gal, that she should have dreams in her waking hours ? "

" It was like the face Mahaska used to wear when she lived in the castle of the Governor-general," says the woman jeocosly.

The frown deepened on the bosom of her granddaughter. Her cheeks grew more pale.

" To whom does Ahmo speak ? " she demanded. " The girl she talks of is no more. I am queen of the Six Nations, the teachers of the past are nothing to me. I have forgotten them as completely as those forget the earth who have passed into the happy hunting-grounds. How dare Ahmo speak so to me ! "

" Ahmo loves her grandfather," she returned, with a frankness which she could not repress, frank and impudent as her nature was; " though a queen, she is still Ahmo's child."

" Mahaska belongs to the Great Spirit, and to her people," she replied coldly, not noticing the withered hand which the woman extended toward her.

The pride of her bearing excited the Indian's admiration, and overpowered the pain she felt at the rejection of her ever-warming love.

" Mahaska is a great queen ! " she exclaimed triumphantly. Ahmo told her that it would be useless to try to get her to expect the destiny which she has found among her people."

Katharine turned impatiently.

" What does Ahmo want ? " she demanded; " is she not content ? She lives in a great house—the people pay her reverence as the grandmother of the nation—what more is there ? "

The old woman's eyes followed the Indian's words, frowning up.

" Ahmo is a useless to everyone," she exclaimed. " She will be a daughter and the wife of great chieftains—through her, Mahaska draws her greatness."

It was long since the woman had ventured to address Katharine in that tone, as, in so short a space, her granddaughter had grown to greater and greater size, while her mother still lived at her side and her heart—Katharine's was still uncontrolled by her at the power of control.

When she saw the girl's eyes looking at her with such a frank, daring, bold, fierce, and impudent expression, she had turned her back in full force, and left the Katharine could speak, she cried hastily.

" Forgive poor Ahmo—she loves her child."

Katharine gave her one <sup>slight</sup> glance and then answered coolly: "Let her speak more of these things, then. Mahaska is a queen—the gift of the Great Spirit to her people—let Ahmo feel it!—Ahme is honored and blessed by Mahaska's sharing it."

The old woman bowed her head in silence. Katharine started away her eyes and looked out over the lake again.

The fading hues of the sunset tinged the marble face and added to its beauty by that glow. It was impossible to read her thoughts in those motionless features.

After a brief space, the woman whispered huskily:

"Ahmo has just come from the tribe."

Katharine turned again quickly.

"Was Ahmo sent?" she asked.

The woman shook her head.

"But she wishes to tell Mahaska what she has seen."

"Speak," returned she, with sudden impatience. "What are the tribes doing that Mahaska should heed?"

"The council-fires are kindled," continued the woman; "the chiefs are seating themselves about it."

The woman spoke slowly, and with such evident meaning, that Katharine started, in spite of her self-control.

"What more?" she asked, huskily.

"They will send messengers to Mahaska," she replied; "they will send for her to make her decision."

Again a storm of passion surged into Katharine's soul; she clenched her hands hard together and hissed between her teeth:

"Have they not learned to fear me yet?"

The woman only caught the words imperfectly, but the expression of the girl's face revealed her thoughts.

"It was the prophetic law," she said. "Let Mahaska yield here!"

"The queen needs no counsel from women," she answered; "let Ahmo advise with squaws."

The old woman bore the insult in silence; she was too wise to let her grandchild should not endanger her power to dare the risk of rousing her obstinacy by any ill-timed anger or complaints.

"They will never dispute her will again," she said.

"Never!" exclaimed Katharine, with terrible emphasis; "never!"

Her head fell upon her bosom, her eyes blazing with fire at first, while her fingers interlocked themselves with a wild energy, as if in fancy she already held there the lives of those who had been most active in urging forward this repugnant scheme.

She remained for many minutes lost in those terrible reflections, her face settling into a harsher and more determined expression.

Slowly the last rays of sunset faded from the waters and the gray chill of twilight settled around. The pale, glimmering light upon Katharine's stern face with those unwomanly reflections, and appeared to sweep every trace of youth from it.

Her resolution had already been taken—she had seen that the step was inevitable, and nerve'd herself to meet it—but now that the moment was at hand when a decision must be made, the last struggle of her nature rose up against the iron purpose of her will. She had given her promise, but every feeling of her womanhood revolted against it.

The woman saw that she had forgotten herself and found that the chief might come up suddenly and see her standing there with so much of the language of her soul stamped on her features.

"Will Mahiska meet the messengers here?" she asked.

"Yes, here," she said proudly, "let them come when they will."

She put back her thoughts with the singular power she possessed and resumed the usual arrogant composure of her manner.

Suddenly her eyes fell upon her dress—it was another point of resemblance between her character and that of the English lioness—the attention she could bestow upon such trifles even in the midst of the most important schemes.

She knew the effect which display and brilliant colors had upon the Indians, and her attire, though adapted to her savage life, was picturesque and becoming.

She turned and entered the lodge, motioning Ahmo to follow. In a few moments she came out with a rich far mantle thrown over her crimson robe and a string of costly gems, her father's gift long ago, fastened among the coronet of feathers which crowned her head.

She saw two of the chiefs approaching, and taking her station upon the threshold, with her form drawn to its full height, awaited their arrival with impeding majesty.

When the messengers informed her of the wishes of the chiefs that she should join them at the council-fire, she assented with cold dignity, and drawing the ends of her mantle more closely about her, passed down the path in advance.

The two Indians followed, and after them tottered the old woman—guiding her grandchild always, conscious too that her feeble steps were bearing her to a funeral. But so long as she was able to carry the tokens of her granddaughter's greatness into the far-off hunting-ground, Ahmo had no fear of going.

The shadows had deepened and the glow of the council-fire rendered it still more gloomy than the lateness of the hour warranted. Tawmash was up, hovering directly over the impressive group, while the column of white smoke ascending from the fire looked almost like some heat-achish offering they had made to the beautiful planet.

The elder chiefs were grouped about the council-fire; the younger ones who felt the keenest interest in the proceedings—as one it was said—had never the choice won't be made—were gathered near in closest silence, the fire-light glancing over their rich dresses and lighting up many a face that was really a fine type of manly beauty.

Scores of curious women and children were hovering about, and the whole settlement presented an air of unwonted excitement.

Into the midst of the throng Katharine walked and took her stand just where the firelight fell with the most picturesque grace upon her person. An irrepressible murmur went up from the outskirts of the crowd, so struck were these savage natures by her wonderful beauty.

She was indeed a striking object as she stood there, silent and grand in the midst of these wild surroundings.

Her robe of bright crimson, richly embroidered with silk and gold, added a new luster to her complexion; the fair blonde hair fell from her shoulders, exposing the exquisitely rounded arms gleaming with costly bracelets, and her whole air had something so regal in it that it would have impressed any being as it did these savage hearts, even more than her extreme beauty.

She was of a grander presence than is usually found in women, her form finely developed, but so lithe and graceful that she resembled one of a panther in her rapid, noiseless movements.

She cast her great eye around the circle and then said, in a clear, deep voice :

"The chiefs have sent for Mahaska—she is here." The oldest chief of the tribe rose from his place by the council fire, and welcomed her with grave courtesy to a seat by his side. She declined it with a wave of the hand.

"Mahaska waits," she said, with her loftiest manner.

There was another brief silence, then the elder chief again turned toward her and said :

"Many suns have risen and set since the grand daughter of Ne-mono came among us. We received her as a gift of the Great Spirit—the people bowed before her and the chiefs made room for her at the council-fire, for she was a chief among our great warriors."

"They have obeyed the bidding of the prophet," she answered; "they have done well—the Great Spirit is pleased with his choice. They will become stronger and more victorious than ever—the Indians shall prosper and many scalps hang in the warriors' wigwams."

An approving murmur went around the circle and was echoed among the eager crowd.

"Mahaska speaks wisely," returned the old chief. "Her brethren listen to her words as to the voice of the Manitou. But the lad has not forgotten that a command of the prophet is yet unfulfilled. The chiefs have not been impatient; it is time now that the choice should be made."

But a tremor shook the stately form, not a shadow on the smooth face; only the mouth wore its usual smile of expression, and the great eyes kindled with new brilliancy.

"The Indian has soon outgrown his childhood," said the old chief. "They are handsome and brave. The chiefs of the Six Nations are met to hear which of our young men should choose."

She did not stir. An impatient, restless air pervaded the circle. The line of young men, as they bent their eyes together, a glinting upon her answer with breathless anxiety which all their bravado could not disguise.

The old chief mentioned several of the most prominent among them, enumerating their deeds of valor, and the peculiar virtues for which they were distinguished.

"Mahaska has listened," she said, when he paused.

"Let the chiefs hear her answer then."

Her eyes wandered slowly down the line till they fell upon Green-gwa-tah standing a little apart from his companions, his restless gaze fastened upon her face.

"The Great Spirit has chosen," she said, moving slowly to him; "this is the husband of your queen, he slew her enemy and she is his."

While the shouts of the multitude went up, Gi-en-gwa-tah felt his hand settle like iron over his own, but her lips never for an instant lost their placid smile.

Green-gwa-tah clenched her hand in his bronzed fingers, and wrung it in fierce joy. She did not shrink, but her hand, cold as ice in his hot palm, and the fire in her eyes was like madness. Still she was not mad, her heart was sick with loathing, and the white blood curdled around her heart in terrible repulsion, but the iron will of her hard nature conquer'd all.

A lodge stood in the verge of the forest, with greensward sloping softly from the door down to the lake, till the silver waters kissed it like a fringe of richer greenness. Hemlocks, pines, and one stately tulip tree drooped their rich foliage over it, and garlands of forest flowers covered it like a bower. It was a lovelier spot than the lodge which Katharine had inhabited, Gi-en-gwa-tah, secretly exulting in his knowledge of her choice, had created his sylvan palace in joyous privacy, and knowing something of her former life, had dressed subtle touches of beauty upon it, hoping to win her commendation. Before this lodge a fire was burning which sent its red light far out upon the lake, and filled the drooping branches with rich, golden and crimson hues, against a background of waving shadows.

"The maiden's choice is good," said the old chief; "the commands of the prophet are obeyed, and the Siawrees have a chief, whose beauty is that of a woman, and whose soul is the soul of a mighty warrior."

Katharine bent her head, till the crown of feathers which adorned it grew flame-tinted in the torchlight. She had withdrawn her hand from Green-gwa-tah and her arms were folded over her breast, as she lifted her head and spoke.

"My name was Katharine, it was a baptism of the white blood of my race. I have been wily a two months, and now every day I am wiser. I have seen much of my heart. All that is best has been done and told as the sunset. I am not taken, all say me. The warrior still takes me to his bower, but when I come forth, it shall be with the heart of a panther—a fierce, wild panther—who knows how to use her claws, and when to use them. Thereafter, if any man calls me Katharine, he dies. I am Mahaska—Mahaska the Avenger, forever and ever."

A murmur of assent ran through the tribe. The air, her clear ringing voice—the savage impress of her presence had thrilled them with reverence. The magnetism of her evil nature possessed them all. Then she gave her hand to Gi-en-gwa-tah and moved away, through the picturesque groups past the council-fires, and along the margin of the lake towards Gi-en-gwa-tah's lodge.

The tribe watched her with bated breath. A creature so savage, so beautiful, so grandly imperious, filled the whole measure of that land of royalty. They stood, willing slaves, watching her as she apparelled, now in shade, now in the light of a council-fire on her way to the bridal lodge, and when she reached it, a wild shout of joy ran through the wilderness, and a wilder dance commenced around the council-fires.

Mahaska went forth from her tribe with her savage bride—like a statue of marble, moving side by side with a statue of brass. The desolation of that moment was awful. It was not thus she longed to enter upon her sovereignty. With a thrill of relief she saw that Ahmo was still at her side—drawing her breath feebly, and in sudden gasps like a person exhausted by a long race.

They came in front of the lodge, and Gi-en-gwa-tah laid the skins for his bride to enter. Mahaska paused.

Ahmo sank slowly upon the ground by her side, clutching feebly at her robe.

Mahaska bent her eyes upon her, and saw the great change in her face.

"Is Ahmo weary?" she asked.

The old woman raised her head—her eyes sought Mahaska's, full of the love which had been the one human feeling of her life.

"Ahmo hears the rush of the swift waters," she said, brokenly; "Nemono's voice is in her ear."

Mahaska's heart lay too dead within her for any feeling of sorrow, but she stooped and gently raised the woman, while Gi-en-gwa-tah supported her in his arms.

Ahmo's glazing eyes wandered over the meadow land—her right hand was raised, and they waited in silence for her words.

"Ahmo goes into the happy hunting-ground, to tell Nemono that his people have obeyed his wish," said she.

Slowly she slid from Gi-en-gwa-tah's arms, and fell back upon the greenswirl that the young warrior had carpeted with flowers, her eyes still fastened upon Mahaska's face, as if her last lay had been to take the remembrance of its cold beauty with her into eternity.

She murmured a few broken words—her hands shrank together—her eyes closed—the soul of the aged woman drilled out into the night, so that even the rude ceremony of that savage wedding was sealed by a human death.

At the door of his bridal lodge, Gi-en-gwa-tah gave forth a death wail that went moaning through the forest, and over the moonlit waters like a soul praying for mercy.

They heard it around the camp-fires, and sent back answering moans. The wild dancers dropped in their tracks, shrouded their faces. Groups of young warriors, painted gorgeously for the festival, crowded down to the lake and washed the color from their faces, arms, and bronze chests—thus placing themselves in mourning.

All along the shores of that beautiful lake ran the death dirge. Deep, deep in the forest it went, losing itself mournfully among the great trees, and turning the shiver of the pine leaves into sobs of pain.

In the midst of all this mournfulness Mahaska entered into his new life.

## CHAPTER XVIL

KATHARINE had paid the price of a vengeance that was in truth incomplete. Gaston was not dead, and Alele still lived. Gi-en-gwatah's rifle had done its work, but not fatally, both were wounded. The bullet that penetrated Gaston's shoulder had gone through the white arm that was clinging to him in such fond affright. The second shot had wounded the horse, and thus they had been flung to the ground. But quick as lightning they were lifted up again, and borne away in safety. Katharine's fainting fit and fall from her horse, had been their salvation; but for that, they must have been taken and slain outright, as it was, Gi-en-gwatah, in good faith believed them dead.

When Alele came to herself, she was in a boat floating gaily down the river. A sharp pain in her arm had aroused her. She started up with a wild fear in her eyes, and looking at the oarsman, cried out:

"Gaston! Gaston! is he dead?"

His own voice reassured her. He was lying at her feet in the bottom of the boat.

"I was only hurt a little," he said, feebly, "something struck my shoulder. That is all. We are safe, say I."

She flung herself down by his side with a passionate burst of tears, the first almost that she had shed since her capture.

"Am I with you?" she said. "Ah, my Gaston, it seems like a dream; safe, safe, and you—"

"But you are hurt, love," murmured Gaston, clenching his teeth, to suppress the cry given that rose to his lips.

"No; it is nothing; I scarcely feel it. But my father—my poor father, what of him?"

Gaston evaded the question, and in the moan of anguish that followed, she forgot every thing.

"You are weak and faint," she said; "Oh, Gaston, you are hurt; terribly hurt."

"It is nothing; only a little wound in the shoulder, such things are not dangerous."

She bent over him in loving sorrow, she kissed the wounded shoulder, and forgetting her own anguish, strove to soothe his pain away.

Thus, through the long, long night, they floated homeward, living, in despite of the danger they had escaped.

Alas for poor Adele. A second state funeral awaited her in that noble palace home; a funeral unparalleled in all Canada for its magnificence. Then followed a few weeks of rest and convalescence, a long sea voyage and a wedding.

# STANDARD DIME' DIALOGUES

For School Exhibitions and Home Entertainments.

No. 1 to 21 inclusive. 13 to 25 Popular Dialogues and Dramas in each book. Each volume 100  
12mo pages, sent post-paid, on receipt of price, ten cents.

Beadle & Adams, Publishers, 98 William St., N. Y.

These volumes have been prepared with especial reference to their availability for Exhibitions, being adapted to schools and parlors with or without the furniture of a stage, and suited to SCHOLARS AND YOUNG PEOPLE of every age, both male and female. It is fair to assume that no other books in the market, at any price, contain so many useful and available dialogues and dramas of wit, pathos, humor and sentiment.

## DIME' DIALOGUES, NO. 1.

Meeting of the Muses. For nine young ladies.  
Waiting a Live Englishman. For three boys.  
Tasso's Coronation. For males and females.  
Fashion. For two ladies.  
The Rehearsal. For six boys.  
Which will you Choose? For two boys.  
The Queen of May. For two little girls.  
The Tea-Party. For four ladies.  
Three Scenes in Wedded Life. Male and female.  
Mrs. Smith's Confession. For male and female.  
The Mission of the Spirits. Five young ladies.

Hobnobbing. For five speakers.  
The Secret of Success. For three speakers.  
Young America. Three males and two females.  
Josephine's Destiny. Four females, one male.  
The Folly of the Duel. For three male speakers.  
Dogmatism. For three male speakers.  
The Ignorant Confounded. For two boys.  
The Fast Young Man. For two males.  
The Year's Reckoning. 12 females and 2 males.  
The Village with One Gentleman. For eight females and one male.

## DIME' DIALOGUES, NO. 2.

The Genius of Liberty. 2 males and 1 female.  
Cinderella or, The Little Glass Slipper.  
Doing Good and Saying Bad. Several characters.  
The Golden Rule. Two males and two females.  
The Gift of the Fairy Queen. Several females.  
Take a L and D ne For. For two characters.  
The Country Aunt's Visit to the City. For several characters.  
The Two Romans. For two males.  
Trying the Characters. For three males.  
The Happy Family. For several "animalia."  
The Rainbow. For several characters.

How to Write 'Popular' Stories. Two males.  
The New and the Old. For two males.  
A Sensation at Last. For two males.  
The Greenhorn. For two males.  
The Three Men of Science. For four males.  
The Old Lady's Will. For four males.  
The Little Philosopher. For two little girls.  
How to Find an Heir. For five males.  
The Virtues. For six young ladies.  
A Cannibal Elegy.  
The Public meeting. Five males and one female.  
The English Traveler. For two males.

## DIME' DIALOGUES, NO. 3.

The May Queen. For an entire school.  
Dress Reform Convention. For ten females.  
Keeping Bad Company. A Farce. For five males.  
Courting Under Difficulties. 2 males, 2 females.  
National Representatives. A Burlesque. 4 males.  
Escaping the Draft. For numerous males.

The Gentle Cook. For two males.  
Masterpiece. For two males and two females.  
The Two Romans. For two males.  
The Same. Second scene. For two males.  
Showing the White Feather. 4 males, 1 female.  
The Battle Call. A Recitative. For one male.

## DIME' DIALOGUES, NO. 4.

The Frost King. For ten or more persons.  
Starting in Life. Three males and two females.  
Faith, Hope and Charity. For three little girls.  
Darby and Joan. For two males and one female.  
The May. A Floral Fancy. For six little girls.  
The Enchanted Princess. 3 males, several females.  
Honour to Whom Honour is Due. 7 males, 1 female.  
The Gentle Client. For several males, one female.  
Juryology. A Discussion. For twenty males.

The Stubbetown Volunteer. 2 males, 1 female.  
A Scene from "Paul Pry." For four males.  
The Charms. For three males and one female.  
Bee, Clock and Broom. For three little girls.  
The Right Way. A Colloquy. For two boys.  
What the Ledger Says. For two males.  
The Crimes of Dress. A Colloquy. For two boys.  
The Reward of Benevolence. For four males.  
The Letter. For two males.

## DIME' DIALOGUES, NO. 5.

The Three Graces. For school or parlor.  
Sentiment. A "Three Person," Fa re.  
Behind the Curtain. For males and females.  
The Fin Pi Society. Five boys and a teacher.  
Examination Day. For several female characters.  
Trading in "Traps." For several males.  
The School Boys' Tribunal. For ten boys.  
A Loose Tongue. Several males and females.  
How Not to Get an Answer. For two females.

Pitting on Air. A Colloquy. For two males.  
The Straight M rk. For several boys.  
Two Ideas of Life. A Colloquy. For ten girls.  
Extract from Marino Faliero.  
Ma-trv-Mony. An Acting Chorus.  
The Six Virtues. For six young ladies.  
The Irishman at Home. For two males.  
Fashionable Requirements. For three girls.  
A Berry of I's (Eyes). For eight or less little girls.

## DIME' DIALOGUES, NO. 6.

The Way They Kept a Secret. Male and females.  
The Post under Difficulties. For five males.  
William Tell. For a whole school.  
Woman's Rights. Seven females and two males.  
All is not Gold that Glitters. Male and females.  
The Generous Jew. For six males.  
Swapping. For three males and one female.

The Two Counselors. For three males.  
The Votaries of Folly. For a number of females.  
Aunt Betsy's Bazaar. Four females and two males.  
The Label Suit. For two females and one male.  
Santa Claus. For a number of boys.  
Christmas Fairies. For several little girls.  
The Three Rings. For two males.

## Dime School Series—Speakers.

### DIME DIALECT SPEAKER, No. 23.

Dat's wat's da mattar,  
The Mississipp miracle,  
Ven te sitte cooms in,  
Dose lans vot Mary ha/  
got,  
Pat O'Flaherty on wo-  
man's rights,  
The home rulers, how  
they "spakes,"  
Hezekiah Dawson on  
Mothers-in-law,  
He didn't sell the farm,  
The true story of Frank-  
lin's kite,  
I would I were a boy  
again,  
A pathetic story,

All about a bee,  
Scandal,  
A dark side view,  
Te peaser ray,  
On learning German,  
Mary's small wits lamb  
A healthy discourse,  
Tobias so to speak,  
Old Mrs. Grimes,  
A parody,  
Mars and cats,  
Bill Underwood, pilot,  
Old Granley,  
The pill peddler's ora-  
tion,  
Widder Green's last  
words,

Latest Chinese outrage,  
The manifest destiny of  
the Irishman,  
Peggy McCann,  
Sprays from Josh Bil-  
lings,  
De circumstances ob de  
situation,  
Dar's nuffin new under  
de sun,  
A Negro religious poem,  
That violinn,  
Picnic delights,  
Our candidate's views,  
Dundreary's wisdom,  
Plain language by truth-  
ful Jane,

My neighbor's dog,  
Condensed Mythology,  
Picnic,  
The Nereides,  
Legends of Attica,  
The stove-pipe tragedy,  
A dokerter's drubbles,  
The coming man,  
The illigant affair at  
Muldoon's,  
That little baby round  
the corner,  
A genewine inferno,  
An invitation to  
bird of liberty,  
The crow,  
Out west.

### DIME READINGS AND RECITATIONS, No. 24.

The Irishman's pano-  
rama,  
The lightning-rod agent  
The tragedy at four o'clock,  
Ruth and Naomi,  
Carey of Corson,  
Babies,  
John Reed,  
The brakeman at  
church,  
Passun Mooah's sur-  
mount,  
Arguing the question.  
Jim Wolfe and the cata,

The dim old forest,  
Raaber at home,  
The Sergeant's story,  
David and Gollah,  
Dreaming at fourscore,  
Rum,  
Why should the spirit  
of mortal be proud?  
The coming mustache,  
The engineer's story,  
A candidate for presi-  
dent,  
Roll call,  
An accession to the  
family,

When the cows come  
home,  
The donation party,  
Tommy Taft,  
A Michigander in  
France,  
Not one to spare,  
Mrs. Breezy's pink  
lunch,  
Rock of ages,  
J. Caesar Pompey  
Squash's sermon,  
Annie's ticket,  
The newsboy,  
Pat's correspondence,

Death of th' ewd equine  
Mein tog Shaeid,  
At Elberon,  
The cry of womanhood,  
The judgment day,  
The burst bubble,  
Curfew must not ring  
to-night,  
The swall,  
The water mill,  
Sam's letter,  
Footsteps of the dead,  
Charity,  
An essay on cheek.

**C** The above books are sold by Newadelers everywhere, or will be sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 15 cents each.

**BEADLE AND ADAMS, Publishers, 98 William St., N. Y.**

# STANDARD BOOKS OF GAMES AND PASTIMES.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

## HAND-BOOK of SUMMER ATHLETIC SPORTS.

CONTENTS:—Pedestrianism; Walkers vs. Runners; Scientific Walking (8 cuts); Scientific Running (2 cuts); Dress for Pedestrians; Training for a Match; Laying out a Track (1 cut); Conducting a Match; Records of Pedestrianism; Jumping and Pole-leaping (1 cut); Bicycling; Rules for Athletic Meetings; Hare and Hounds (1 cut); Archery (1 cut). Fully illustrated. By Capt. Fred. Whittaker.

## HAND-BOOK OF CROQUET.

A Complete Guide to the Principles and Practice of the Game. This popular pastime has, during the few years of its existence, rapidly outgrown the first vague and imperfect rules and regulations of its inventor; and, as almost every house at which it is played adopts a different code of laws, it becomes a difficult matter for a stranger to assimilate his play to that of other people. It is, therefore, highly desirable that one uniform system should be generally adopted, and hence the object of this work is to establish a recognized method of playing the game.

## DIME BOOK OF 100 GAMES.

Out-door and in-door SUMMER GAMES for Tourists and Families in the Country, Picnics, etc., comprising 100 Games, Forfeits and Conundrums for Childhood and Youth, Single and Married, Grave and Gay. A Pocket Hand-book for the Summer Season.

## CRICKET AND FOOT-BALL.

A desirable Cricketer's Companion, containing complete instructions in the elements of Bowling, Batting and Fielding; also the Revised Laws of the Game; Remarks on the Duties of Umpires; the Mary-le-Bone Cricket Club Rules and Regulations; Bets, etc. By Henry Chadwick.

## HAND-BOOK OF PEDESTRIANISM.

Giving the Rules for Training and Practice in Walking, Running, Leaping, Vaulting, etc. Edited by Henry Chadwick.

## YACHTING AND ROWING.

This volume will be found very complete as a guide to the conduct of watercraft, and full of interesting information alike to the amateur and the novice. The chapter referring to the great rowing-match of the Oxford and Cambridge clubs on the Thames, will be found particularly interesting.

## RIDING AND DRIVING.

A sure guide to correct Horsemanship, with complete directions for the road and field; and a specific section of directions and information for female equestriennes. Drawn largely from "Stonehenge's" fine manual, this volume will be found all that can be desired by those seeking to know all about the horse, and his management in harness and under the saddle.

## GUIDE TO SWIMMING.

Comprising Advisory Instructions; Rules upon Entering the Water; General Directions for Swimming; Diving; How to Come to the Surface; Swimming on the Back; How to Swim in times of Danger; Surf-bathing—How to Manage the Waves, the Tides, etc.; a Chapter for the Ladies; a Specimen Female Swimming School; How to Manage Cases of Drowning; Dr. Franklin's Code for Swimmers; etc. Illustrated. By Capt. Philip Peterson.

For sale by all newsdealers; or sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price—TEN CENTS each.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., N. Y.

# BEADLE'S NEW DIME NOVELS.

328 Tahle, the Trailer.  
 329 The Boy Chief.  
 340 Tim, the Trailer.  
 341 Red Ax, the Giant.  
 342 Stella, the Spy.  
 343 White Avenger.  
 344 The Indian King.  
 345 The Long Trail.  
 346 Kirk, the Guide.  
 347 The Phantom Trail.  
 348 The Apache Guide.  
 349 The Mad Miner.  
 350 Keen-eye, Ranger.  
 351 Blue Belt, Guide.  
 352 On the Trail.  
 353 The Specter Spy.  
 354 Old Bald-head.  
 355 Red Knite, Chief.  
 356 Sid Cons, Trapper.  
 357 The Bear-Hunter.  
 358 Bashful Bill, Spy.  
 359 The White Chief.  
 360 Cortina, the Scourge.  
 361 The Squaw Spy.  
 362 Scout of '76.  
 363 Spanish Jack.  
 364 Masked Spy.  
 365 Kirk, the Renegade.  
 366 Dingle, the Outlaw.  
 367 The Green Ranger.  
 368 Montbars, Scourge.  
 369 Metamora.  
 370 Thorupath, Trailer.  
 371 Foul-wea her Jack.  
 372 The Black Rider.  
 373 The Helpless Hand.  
 374 The Lake Rangers.  
 375 Alone on the Plains.  
 376 Phantom Horseman.  
 377 Winona.  
 378 Silent Shot.  
 379 The Phantom Ship.  
 380 The Red Rider.  
 381 Grizzly-Hunters.  
 382 The Mad Ranger.  
 383 The Specter Skipper.  
 384 The Red Coyotes.  
 385 The Hunchback.  
 386 The Black Wizard.  
 387 The Mad Horseman.  
 388 Privateer's Bride.  
 389 Jaguar Queen.  
 390 Shadow Jack.  
 391 Eagle Plume.  
 392 Ocean Outlaw.

393 Red Slayer.  
 394 The Phantom Fox.  
 395 Blue Anchor.  
 396 Red-skin's Pledge.  
 397 Quadroon Spy.  
 398 Black Rover.  
 399 Red Belt.  
 400 The Two Trails.  
 401 The Ice-Flend.  
 402 The Red Prince.  
 403 The First Trail.  
 404 Sheet-anchor Tom.  
 405 Old Avoirdupois.  
 406 White Gladiator.  
 407 Blue Clipper.  
 408 Red Dan.  
 409 The Fire-Eater.  
 410 Blackhawk.  
 411 The Lost Ship.  
 412 Black Arrow.  
 413 White Serpent.  
 414 The Lost Captain.  
 415 The Twin Trailers.  
 416 Death's Head Ranger.  
 417 Captain of Captains.  
 418 Warrior Princess.  
 419 The Blue Band.  
 420 The Squaw Chief.  
 421 The Flying Scout.  
 422 Sonora Ben.  
 423 The Sea King.  
 424 Mountain Gld.  
 425 Death-Trailer.  
 426 The Crooked Serpent.  
 427 Arkansas Kit.  
 428 The Corsair Prince.  
 429 Ethan Allen's Rifles.  
 430 Little Thunderbolt.  
 431 The Falcon Rover.  
 432 Honest Hand.  
 433 The Stone Chief.  
 434 The Gold D-mon.  
 435 Eutawan, Slaver.  
 436 The Masked Guide.  
 437 The Conspirators.  
 438 Swiftwing, Squaw.  
 439 Caribou Zip.  
 440 The Privateer.  
 441 The Black Spy.  
 442 The Doomed Hunter.  
 443 Barden, the Ranger.  
 444 Th. Gray Scalp.  
 445 The Peddler Spy.  
 446 The White Canoe.  
 447 Eph Peters.

448 The Two Hunters.  
 449 The Traitor Spy.  
 450 The Gray Hunter.  
 451 Little Moccasin.  
 452 The White Hermit.  
 453 The Island Bride.  
 454 The Forest Princess.  
 455 The Trail Hunters.  
 456 Backwoods Banditti.  
 457 Ruby Roland.  
 458 Laughing Eyes.  
 459 Mohegan Maiden.  
 460 The Quaker Scout.  
 461 Sumter's Scouts.  
 462 The Five Champions.  
 463 The Two Guards.  
 464 Quindaro.  
 465 Rob Ruskin.  
 466 The Rival Rovers.  
 467 Ned Starling.  
 468 Single Hand.  
 469 Tippy, the Texan.  
 470 Young Mustanger.  
 471 The Hunted Life.  
 472 The Buffalo Trapper.  
 473 Old Zip.  
 474 Foghorn Phil.  
 475 Moastoot, the Brave.  
 476 Snow-Bird.  
 477 Dragoon's Bride.  
 478 Old Honesty.  
 479 Bald Eagle.  
 480 Black Princess.  
 481 The White Brave.  
 482 The Rifleman of the Miami.  
 483 The Moose Hunter.  
 484 The Brigantine.  
 485 Put Pomfret's Ward.  
 486 Simple Phil.  
 487 Jo Daviss's Client.  
 488 Ruth Harland.  
 489 The Gulch Miners.  
 490 Captain Molly.  
 491 Wingennand.  
 492 The Partisan Spy.  
 493 The Peon Prince.  
 494 The Sea Captain.  
 495 Graybeard.  
 496 The Border Rivals.  
 497 The Unknown.  
 498 Sagamore of Saco.  
 499 The King's Man.  
 500 Afloat and Ashore.  
 501 The Wrong Man.

502 The Rangers of the Mohawk.  
 503 The Double Hero.  
 504 Alice Wilde.  
 505 Ruth Margerie.  
 506 Privateer's Cruise.  
 507 The Indian Queen.  
 508 The Wrecker's Prize.  
 509 The Slave Sculptor.  
 510 Backwoods Bride.  
 511 Chip, the Cave Child.  
 512 Bill Bidden, Trapper.  
 513 Outward Bound.  
 514 East and West.  
 515 The Indian Princess.  
 516 The Forest Spy.  
 517 Graylock, the Guide.  
 518 Off and On.  
 519 Seth Jones.  
 520 Emerald Necklace.  
 521 Malacca.  
 522 Bert Bunker.  
 523 Pale Face Squaw.  
 524 Winifred Winthrop.  
 525 Wrecker's Daughter.  
 526 Hearts Forever.  
 527 The Frontier Angel.  
 528 Florida.  
 529 The Maid of Ecupa.  
 530 Ahmo's Plot.  
 531 The Water Wolf.  
 532 The Hunter's Cabin.  
 533 Hates and Loves.  
 534 Oonomoo, the Huron.  
 535 White-faced Pacer.  
 536 Wetzel, the Scout.  
 537 The Quakeress Spy.  
 538 Valled Benefactress.  
 539 Uncle Ezekiel.  
 540 Westward Bound.  
 541 Wild Raven.  
 542 Agnes Falkland.  
 543 Nathan Todd.  
 544 Myrtle, the Child of the Prairie.  
 545 Lightning Jr.  
 546 The Blacksmith of Antwerp.  
 547 Madge Wynde.  
 548 The Creole Sisters.  
 549 Star Eyes.  
 550 Myra, the Child of Adoption.  
 551 Hawkeye Harry.

The following will be issued in the order and on the dates indicated:

552 Dead Shot. By Albert W. Aiken. Ready September 25th.  
 553 The Boy Miners. By Edward S. Ellis. Ready October 9th.  
 554 Blue Dick. By Captain Mayne Reid. Ready October 23d.  
 555 Nat Wolfe. By Mrs. M. V. Victor. Ready November 6th.  
 556 The White Tracker. By the author of "The Boy Miners." Ready November 20th.  
 557 The Outlaw's Wife. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Ready December 4th.  
 558 The Tall Trapper. By Albert W. Aiken. Ready December 18th.  
 559 The Island Pirate. By Captain Mayne Reid. Ready January 1st.  
 560 The Boy Ranger. By Oll Coomes. Ready January 15th.  
 561 Bass, the Trapper. By Lieutenant J. H. Randolph. Ready January 22th.  
 562 The French Spy. By W. J. Hamilton. Ready February 12th.  
 563 Long Shot. By Captain Comstock. Ready February 26th.  
 564 The Gunmaker of the Border. By James L. Bowen. Ready March 11th.  
 565 Red Hand. By A. G. Piper. Ready March 25th.  
 566 Ben, the Trapper. By Major Lewis W. Carson. Ready April 8th.  
 567 The Specter Chief. By Seolin Robins. Ready April 22d.

Published semi-monthly. For sale by all newsdealers; or sent, post-paid, single numbers, ten cents; six months (13 Nos.) \$1.25; one year (26 Nos.) \$2.50.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, Publishers, 9 William St., N. Y.